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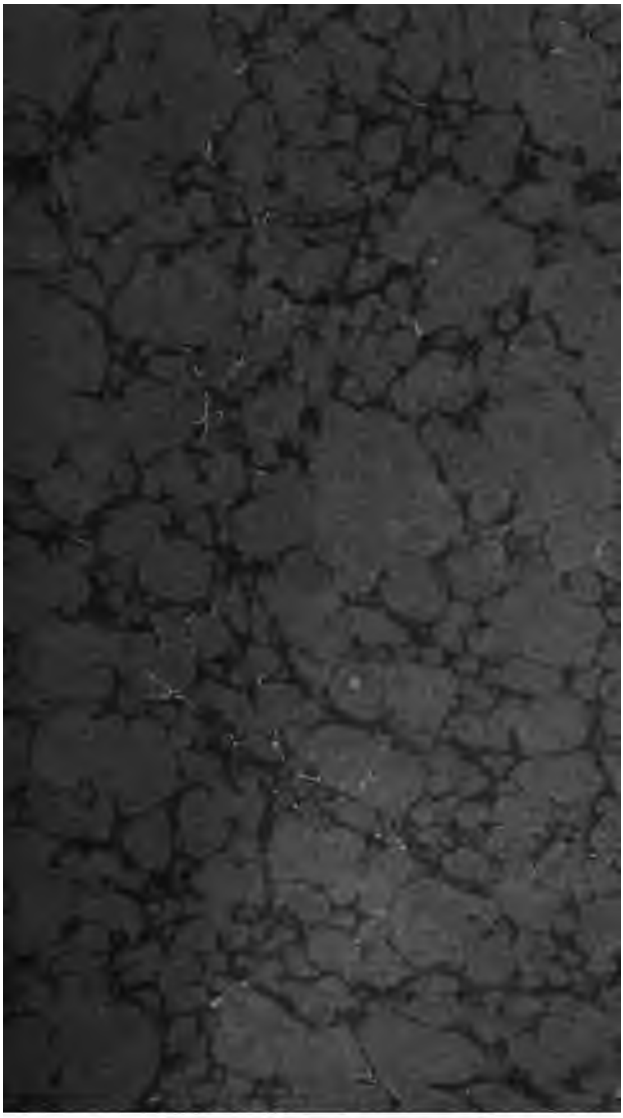

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Thalaba the Destroyer.

by

Robert Southey.

Ποιημάτων ακρότης η ελευθερία, και νομος εις,
το δοξαν των ακουειν.

LUCIAN, QUOMODO HIST. SCRIBENDA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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The Sixth Book.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprights;
Not that which Merlin by his magic slights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe, could this garden stain.

SPENSER. RUINS OF TIME.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

So from the inmost cavern, Thalaba
Retrod the windings of the rock.
Still on the ground the giant limbs
Of Zohak were outstretch'd;
The spell of sleep had ceas'd,
And his broad eyes were glaring on the youth:
Yet rais'd he not his arm to bar the way,
Fearful to rouse the snakes
Now lingering o'er their meal.

Oh then, emerging from that dreadful cave,

How grateful did the gale of night
Salute his freshen'd sense!
How full of lightsome joy,
Thankful to Heaven, he hastens by the verge
Of that bitumen lake,
Whose black and heavy fumes,
Surge heaving after surge,
Roll'd like the billowy and tumultuous sea.

The song of many a bird at morn
Arous'd him from his rest.
Lo! by his side a courser stood!
More animate of eye,
Of form more faultless never had he seen,
More light of limbs and beautiful in strength,
Among the race whose blood,
Pure and unmingled, from the royal steeds
Of Solomon came down.

The chosen Arab's eye
Glanced o'er his graceful shape,
His rich caparisons,
His crimson trappings gay.

But when he saw the mouth
Uncurb'd, the unbridled neck,
Then flush'd his cheek, and leapt his heart;
For sure he deem'd that Heaven had sent
The courser, whom no erring hand should guide.
And lo! the eager Steed
Throws his head, and paws the ground,
Impatient of delay!
Then up leapt Thalaba,
And away went the self-govern'd steed.

Far over the plain
Away went the bridleless steed;
With the dew of the morning his fetlocks were wet,
The foam froth'd his limbs in the journey of noon,
Nor stay'd he till over the westerly heaven
The shadows of evening had spread.
Then on a sheltered bank
The appointed Youth repos'd,
And by him laid the docile courser down.
Again in the grey of the morning
Thalaba bounded up;
Over hill, over dale,
Away goes the bridleless steed.

Again at eve he stops,
Again the youth descends;
His load discharged, his errand done,
Then bounded the courser away.

Heavy and dark the eve;
The Moon was hid on high,
A dim light only tinged the mist
That crost her in the path of Heaven.
All living sounds had ceas'd,
Only the flow of waters near was heard,
A low and lulling melody.
Fasting, yet not of want
Percipient, he on that mysterious steed
Had reach'd his resting-place,
For expectation kept his nature up.
The flow of waters now
Awoke a feverish thirst:
Led by the sound, he mov'd
To seek the grateful wave.
A meteor in the hazy air
Play'd before his path;
Before him now it roll'd

A globe of livid fire;
And now contracted to a steady light,
As when the solitary hermit prunes
His lamp's long undulating flame:
And now its wavy point
Up-blazing rose, like a young cypress tree
Sway'd by the heavy wind;
Anon to Thalaba it mov'd,
And wrapt him in its pale innocuous fire:
Now in the darkness drown'd,
Left him with eyes bedimm'd,
And now emerging, spread the scene to sight.

Led by the sound and meteor-flame,
Advanced the Arab youth.
Now to the nearest of the many rills
He stoops; ascending steam
Timely repels his hand;
For from its source it sprung, a boiling tide.
A second course with better hap he tries,
The wave intensely cold
Tempts to a copious draught.
There was a virtue in the wave;

His limbs, that, stiff with toil,
Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught receiv'd
Lightness and supple strength.
O'erjoy'd, and deeming the benignant Power,
Who sent the reinless steed,
Had blest the healing waters to his use,
He laid him down to sleep;
Lull'd by the soothing and incessant sound,
The flow of many waters, blending oft
With shriller tones and deep low murmurings,
Which from the fountain caves
In mingled melody
Like faery music, heard at midnight, came.

The sounds that last he heard at night
Awoke his sense at morn.
A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.
In mazy windings o'er the vale
Wandered a thousand streams;
They in their endless flow had channell'd deep
The rocky soil o'er which they ran,
Veining its thousand islet stones,
Like clouds that freckle o'er the summer sky;

The blue ethereal ocean circling each,
And insulating all. . .
A thousand shapes they wore, those islet stones,
And Nature, with her various tints,
Varied anew their thousand forms:
For some were green with moss,
Some rich with yellow lichen's gold,
Or ruddier tinged, or grey, or silver-white,
Or sparkling sparry radiance to the sun.
Here gush'd the fountains up,
Alternate light and blackness, like the play
Of sunbeams on the warrior's burnish'd arms.
Yonder the river roll'd, whose bed,
Their labyrinthine lingerings o'er,
Received the confluent rills.

This was a wild and wonderous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,
The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.
High mountains clos'd the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhospitable; on whose sides no herb

Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the Eagle, strong of wing;
A lonely plunderer, that afar
Sought in the vales his prey.

Thither towards those mountains Thalaba
Advanced, for well he ween'd that there had Fate
Destin'd the adventure's end.
Up a wide vale winding amid their depths,
A stony vale between receding heights
Of stone, he wound his way.
A cheerless place! the solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one blossom, where to fix.

Still Thalaba holds on;
The winding vale now narrows on his way,
And steeper of ascent,
Rightward and leftward rise the rocks,
And now they meet across the vale.
Was it the toil of human hands
Had hewn a passage in the rock,

Through whose rude portal-way
The light of heaven was seen?
Rude and low the portal-way;
Beyond the same ascending straits,
Went winding up the wilds.

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,
A fearful silence, and a solitude
That made itself be felt;
And steeper now the ascent,
A rugged path, that tired
The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.
At length again a rock
Stretch'd o'er the narrow vale.
There also was a portal hewn,
But gates of massy iron barr'd the way,
Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipt and brazen mouth'd;
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen mouth he breath'd;
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast,

Like a long thunder peal!
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclos'd the passage of the rock.
He entered, and the iron gates
Fell to, and clos'd him in.
It was a narrow winding way;
Dim lamps suspended from the vault,
Lent to the gloom an agitated light.
Winding it pierced the rock,
A long descending path
By gates of iron clos'd;
There also hung the horn beside
Of ivory tip and brazen mouth;
Again he took the ivory tip,
And gave the brazen mouth his voice again.
Not now in thunder spake the horn,
But pour'd a sweet and thrilling melody:
The gates flew open, and a flood of light
Rush'd on his dazzled eyes.

Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,
The youth had found the wonderous way?

But earthly Eden boasts
No terraced palaces,
No rich pavilions, bright with woven gold,
Like these that in the vale
Rise amid odorous groves.
The astonish'd Thalaba,
Doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguil'd his passive sense,
A moment clos'd his eyes;
Still they were there,.. the palaces and groves,
And rich pavilions glittering golden light.

And lo! a man, reverend in comely age,
Advancing meets the youth.
"Favour'd of Fortune," he exclaim'd, "go taste
"The joys of Paradise!
"The reinless steed that ranges o'er the world,
"Brings hither those alone for lofty deeds
"Mark'd by their horoscope; permitted here
"A foretaste of the full beatitude,
"That in heroic acts they may go on
"More ardent, eager to return and reap
"Endless enjoyment here, their destin'd meed.

" Favour'd of Fortune thou, go taste
" The joys of Paradise !"

This said, he turn'd away, and left
The Youth in wonder mute;
For Thalaba stood mute,
And passively receiv'd
The mingled joy which flow'd on every sense.
Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
And rich pavilions through the opening woods
Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Flow'd streams of liquid light;
And fluted cypresses rear'd up
Their living obelisks;
And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long colonades
O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendril'd vine
Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
And clusters not their own.
Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes
Return for rest? beside him teems the earth

With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
And here amid her sable cup
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose!
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
From bowers of merriment;
The waterfall remote;
The murmuring of the leafy groves;
The single nightingale
Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly ton'd,
That never from that most melodious bird,
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thracian shepherd by the grave
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody;
Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
All his own power infuse, to swell
The incense that he loves.

And oh! what odours the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill the breeze,
As Peris to their Sister bear,
When from the summit of some lofty tree
She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,
And, as her enemies impure
From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.
Such odours flow'd upon the world,
When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
Went forth in Heaven, to roll
The everlasting gates of Paradise
Back on their living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
Of man, for once, partook one common joy.

Full of the joy, yet still awake
To wonder, on went Thalaba;
On every side the song of mirth,
The music of festivity,
Invite the passing youth.
Wearied at length with hunger and with heat,
He enters in a banquet room,
Where round a fountain brink,
On silken carpets sate the festive train.
Instant through all his frame
Delightful coolness spread;
The playing fount refresh'd
The agitated air;
The very light came cool'd through silvering panes
Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam tinged;
Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,
Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist:
Through every hue, and streak'd by all,
The flowing fountain play'd.
Around the water-edge
Vessels of wine, alternate placed,
Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.

From golden goblets there
The guests sate quaffing the delicious juice
Of Shiraz' golden grape.

But Thalaba took not the draught;
For rightly he knew had the Prophet forbidden
That beverage, the mother of sins.
Nor did the urgent guests
Proffer a second time the liquid fire;
For in the youth's strong eye they saw
No moveable resolve.
Yet not uncourteous, Thalaba
Drank the cool draught of innocence,
That fragrant from its dewy vase
Came purer than it left its native bed.
And he partook the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there.
Water-melons rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught:
Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil,
And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue.

That many a week endure
The summer sun intense,
Till by its powerful fire
All watery particles exhal'd, alone
The strong essential sweetness ripens there.
Here cased in ice, the apricot,
A topaz, crystal-set:
Here, on a plate of snow,
The sunny orange rests;
And still the aloes and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet room
Diffuse their dying sweets.

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
Their ancles bound with bracelet-bells,
That made the modulating harmony.
Transparent garments to the greedy eye
Gave all their harlot limbs,
Which writhed, in each immodest gesture skill'd.

With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure;
And Thalaba, he gazed,

But in his heart he bore a talisman,
Whose blessed alchemy
To virtuous thoughts refin'd
The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
Oneiza's image swam before his sight,
His own Arabian Maid.
He rose, and from the banquet room he rush'd,
And tears ran down his burning cheek;
And nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmured, that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wandered o'er the world
A lonely being, far from all he lov'd.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That murmur shall be written!

From tents of revelry,
From festal bowers, to solitude he ran;
And now he reach'd where all the rills
Of that well-watered garden in one tide
Roll'd their collected waves.
A straight and stately bridge
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample stream.
Strong in the evening, and distinct its shade

Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
Saw it united with its parent pile,
One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
Loud from the chambers of the bridge below,
Sounds of carousal came and song,
And unveil'd women bade the advancing youth
Come merry-make with them!
Unhearing, or unheeding, Thalaba
Past o'er with hurried pace,
And plunged amid the forest solitude.

Deserts of Araby!
His soul return'd to you.
He cast himself upon the earth,
And clos'd his eyes, and call'd
The voluntary vision up.
A cry, as of distress,
Arous'd him; loud it came, and near!
He started up, he strung his bow,
He pluck'd the arrow forth.
Again a shriek . . a woman's shriek!
And lo! she rushes through the trees,
Her veil all rent, her garments torn!

He follows close, the ravisher...
Even on the unechoing grass
She hears his tread, so near!
"Prophet, save me! save me, God!
"Help! help!" she cried to Thalaba;
Thalaba drew the bow.
The unerring arrow did its work of death.
He turn'd him to the woman, and beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid.

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

Of Solomon came down.—P. 4.

The Arabian horses are divided into two great branches; the *Kadischi*, whose descent is unknown, and the *Kochlani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. These last are reserved for riding solely; they are highly esteemed, and consequently very dear; they are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's studs; however this may be, they are fit to bear the greatest fatigues, and can pass whole days without food; they are also said to show uncommon courage against an enemy; it is even asserted, that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded, and unable to bear his rider much longer, he retires from the fray, and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him, and neighs till assistance is brought. The *Kochlani* are neither large nor handsome, but amazingly swift; the whole race is divided into several families, each of which has its proper name. Some of these have a higher reputation than others, on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility.

Niebuhr.

VI. 24

And now emerging, &c.—P. 7.

In travelling by night through the vallies of Mount Ephraim, we were attended, for above the space of an hour, with an Ignis Fatuus, that displayed itself in a variety of extraordinary appearances. For it was sometimes globular, or like the flame of a candle; immediately after it would spread itself, and involve our whole company in its pale inoffensive light, then at once contract itself and disappear. But in less than a minute, it would again exert itself as at other times; or else, running along from one place to another with a swift progressive motion, would expand itself, at certain intervals, over more than two or three acres of the adjacent mountains. The atmosphere, from the beginning of the evening, had been remarkably thick and hazy, and the dew, as we felt it upon our bridles, was unusually clammy and unctuous. In the like disposition of the weather, I have observed those luminous bodies, which at sea skip about the masts and yards of ships, and are called Córpusánse * by the mariners.—*Shaw.*

They in their endless flow, &c.—P. 8.

The *Hammam Meskouteen*, the Silent or Inchanted Baths, are situated on a low ground, surrounded with mountains. There are several fountains that furnish the

---

* A corruption of Cuerpo Santo, as this meteor is called by the Spaniards.

water, which is of an intense heat, and falls afterwards into the Zenati. At a small distance from these hot fountains, we have others, which, upon comparison, are of as an intense a coldness; and a little below them, somewhat nearer the banks of the Zenati, there are the ruins of a few houses, built perhaps for the conveniency of such persons who came hither for the benefit of the waters.

Besides the strong sulphureous steams of the Hammam * Meskouteen, we are to observe farther of them, that their water is of so intense a heat, that the rocky ground it runs over, to the distance sometimes of a hundred feet, is dissolved, or rather calcined by it. When the substance of these rocks is soft and uniform, then the water, by making every way equal impressions, leaveth them in the shape of cones or hemispheres; which being six feet high, and a little more or less of the same diameter, the Arabs maintain to be so many tents of their predecessors turned into stone. But when these rocks, besides their usual soft chalky substance, contain likewise some layers of harder matter, not so easy to be dissolved; then, in proportion to the resistance the water is thereby to meet with, we are entertained with a confusion of traces and channels, distinguished by the Arabs into sheep, camels, horses, nay into men, women, and children, whom they suppose to have undergone the like fate with their habitations. I observed that the fountains

* They call the *Thermæ* of this country Hammams, from whence our Hummums.

which afforded this water, had been frequently stopped up: or rather ceasing to run at one place, broke out immediately in another; which circumstance seems not only to account for the number of cones, but for that variety likewise of traces, that are continued from one or other of these cones or fountains, quite down to the river Zenati.

This place, in riding over it, giveth back such a hollow sound, that we were afraid every moment of sinking through it. It is probable, therefore, that the ground below us was hollow; and may not the air then, which is pent up within these caverns, afford, as we may suppose, in escaping continually through these fountains, that mixture of shrill, murmuring, and deep sounds, which, according to the direction of the winds and the motion of the external air, issue out along with the water? The Arabs, to quote their strength of imagination once more, affirm these sounds to be the music of the *Jonoune*, Fairies, who are supposed, in a particular manner, to make their abodes at this place, and to be the grand agents in all these extraordinary appearances.

There are other natural curiosities likewise at this place. For the chalky stone being dissolved into a fine impalpable powder, and carried down afterwards with the stream, lodgeth itself upon the sides of the channel, nay, sometimes upon the lips of the fountains themselves; or else, embracing twigs, straws, and other bodies in its way, immediately hardeneth, and shoots into a bright fibrous substance, like the Asbestos, forming itself at the same time into a variety of glittering figures, and beautiful crystallizations.—*Shaw.*

By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars.—P. 9.

In the place where the Whang-ho rises, there are more than an hundred springs which sparkle like stars, whence it is called Hotun Nor, the Sea of Stars. These sources form two great lakes called Hala Nor, the black sea or lake. Afterwards there appear three or four little rivers, which joined, form the Whang-ho, which has eight or nine branches. These sources of the river are called also Oton-tala. It is in Thibet.—*Gaubil. Astley's Collect. of Voy. and Travels.*

The Whang-ho, or, as the Portuguese call it, Hoam-ho, *i. e.* the Yellow River, rises not far from the source of the Ganges, in the Tartarian mountains west of China, and having run through it with a course of more than six hundred leagues, discharges itself into the eastern sea. It hath its name from a yellow mud which always stains its water, and which, after rains, composes a third part of its quantity. The watermen clear it for use by throwing in alum. The Chinese say its waters cannot become clear in a thousand years; whence it is a common proverb among them for any thing which is never likely to happen, when the yellow river shall run clear.—*Note to the Chinese Tale. Hau Kiou Choann.*

Beyond the same ascending straits, &c.—P. 11.

Among the mountains of the *Beni Abbess*, four leagues to the S. E. of the *Welled Mansoure*, we pass through a narrow winding defile, which, for the space of near half a mile, lyeth on each side under an exceeding high precipice. At every winding, the Rock or Stratum that ori-

ginally went across it, and thereby separated one valley from another, is cut into the fashion of a door case six or seven feet wide, giving thereby the Arabs an occasion to call them *Beeban*, the Gates; whilst the Turks, in consideration of their strength and ruggedness, know them by the additional appellation of *Dammer Cappy*, the Gates of Iron. Few persons pass them without horror, a handful of men being able to dispute the passage with a whole army. The rivulet of salt water which glides through this valley, might possibly first point out the way which art and necessity would afterwards improve.—*Shaw.*

No rich pavilions, bright with woven gold.—P. 13.

In 1568 the Persian Sultan gave the Grand Seigneur two most stately pavilions made of one piece, the curtains being interlaced with gold, and the supporters imbroidered with the same; also nine fair canopies to hang over the ports of their pavilions, things not used among the Christians.—*Knolles.*

And broad-leav'd Zennars in long colonades.—P. 14.

The expences the Persians are at in their gardens is that wherein they make greatest ostentation of their wealth. Not that they much mind furnishing of them with delightful flowers as we do in Europe; but these they slight as an excessive liberality of Nature, by whom their common fields are strewed with an infinite number of tulips and other flowers; but they are rather desirous to have their gardens full of all sorts of fruit trees, and especially to dispose them into pleasant walks of a kind of plane or poplar, a tree not known in Europe, which

the Persians call Tzinnar. These trees grow up to the height of the Pine, and have very broad leaves, not much unlike those of the vine. Their fruit hath some resemblance to the chesnut, while the outer coat is about it, but there is no kernel within it, so that it is not to be eaten. The wood thereof is very brown, and full of veins; and the Persians use it in doors and shutters for windows, which, being rubbed with oil, look incomparably better than any thing made of walnut tree, nay indeed than the root of it, which is *now* * so very much esteemed.—*Amb. Travels.*

With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd.—P. 15.

Major Scott informs us, that scars and wounds by Persian writers are compared to the streaky tints of the tulip. The simile here employed is equally obvious, and more suited to its place.

And here amid her sable cup.—P. 15.

"We pitched our tents among some little hills where there was a prodigious number of lilies of many colours, with which the ground was quite covered. None were white, they were mostly either of a rich violet, with a red spot in the midst of each leaf, or of a fine black, and these were the most esteemed. In form they were like our lilies, but much larger."—*Tavernier.*

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* 1637.

Her paradise of leaves.—P. 15.

This expression is borrowed from one of Ariosto's smaller poems.

Tal é proprio a veder quell' amorosa
Flamma, che nel bel viso
Si sparge, ond' ella con soave riso
Si va di sue bellezze inamorando;
Qual' é a vedere, qual' hor vermiglia rosa
Scuopra il bel Paradiso
De le rue foglie alhor che 'l sol diviso
De l' Oriente sorge il giorno alzando.

Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody.—P. 15.

The Thracians say, that the nightingales which build their nests about the sepulchre of Orpheus, sing sweeter and louder than other nightingales.—*Pausanias.*

Gongora has addressed this bird with somewhat more than his usual extravagance of absurdity:

Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta
Aquel Ruisenor llora, que sospecho,
Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
Que alternan su dolor por su garganta.

With such a grace that nightingale bewails,
That I suspect, so exquisite his note,
An hundred thousand other nightingales
Within him, warble sorrow through his throat.

Inhales her fragrant food.—P. 16.

In the *Cahermaa Nameh*, the Dives having taken in war some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages, which they hung from the highest trees they could find. There, from time to time, their companions visited them with the most precious odours. These odours were the usual food of the Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them. The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them gloomy and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in which a Peri was suspended.—*D'Herbelot.*

Of man, for once, partook one common joy.—P. 16.

Dum autem ad nuptias celebrandas solemnissimum convivium pararetur, concussus est Angelis admirantibus, thronus Dei: atque ipse Deus majestate plenus præcepit Custodi Paradisi, ut puellas, et pueros ejus cum festivis ornamentis educeret, et calices ad bibendum ordinatim disponeret: grandiores item puellas, et jam sororiantibus mammis præditas, et juvenes illis coævos, pretiosis vestibus induceret. Jussit præterea Gabrielem vexillum laudis supra Meccanum Templum explicare. Tunc vero valles omnes et montes præ lætitiam gestire cœperunt, et tota Mecca nocte illa velut olla super ignem imposita efferbuit. Eodem tempore præcepit Deus Gabrieli, ut super omnes mortales unguenta pretiosissima dispergeret, admirantibus omnibus subitum illum atque insolitum odorem, quem in gratiam novorum conjugum divinitus exhalasse universi cognovere.—*Maracci.*

On silken carpets sate the festive train.—P. 17.

Selymus II. received the embassadors sitting upon a pallat which the Turks call *Mastabe*, used by them in their chambers to sleep and to feed upon, covered with carpets of silk, as was the whole floor of the chamber also.—*Knolles.*

Among the presents that were exchanged between the Persian and Ottoman sovereigns in 1568, were carpets of silk, of camel's hair, lesser ones of silk and gold, and some called *Teftich*; made of the finest lawn, and so large that seven men could scarcely carry one of them.—*Knolles.*

In the beautiful story of Ali Beg, it is said Cha Sefi when he examined the house of his father's favourite, was much surprized at seeing it so badly furnished with plain skins and coarse carpets, whereas the other nobles in their houses trod only upon carpets of silk and gold. —*Tavernier.*

Of pearly shell, &c.—P. 17.

On the way from Macao to Canton, in the rivers and channels, there is taken a vast quantity of oysters, of whose shells they make glass for the windows.—*Gemelli Careri.*

In the Chinese Novel *Hau Kiou Choann*, we read, Shuey-ping-sin ordered her servants to hang up a curtain of mother-of-pearl across the hall. She commanded the first table to be set for her guest without the curtain, and two lighted tapers to be placed upon it. Afterwards she ordered a second table, but without any light, to be set for herself within the curtain, so that *she could see every thing through it*, unseen herself.

Master George Tuberville, in his letters from Muscovy, 1568, describes the Russian windows:

They have no Englishe glasse; of slices of a rocke
Hight Sluda they their windows make, that English
glasse doth mocke.
They cut it very thinne, and sow it with a thred
In pretie order like to panes, to serve their present
need.
No other glasse, good faith, doth give a better light,
And sure the rock is nothing rich, the cost is very
slight.—*Hakluyt.*

The Indians of Malabar use mother-of-pearl for window panes.—*Fra. Paolino da San Batolomeo.*

Or where the wine-vase, &c.—P. 17.

The King and the great Lords have a sort of cellar for magnificence, where they sometimes drink with persons whom they wish to regale. These cellars are square rooms, to which you descend by only two or three steps. In the middle is a small cistern of water, and a rich carpet covers the ground from the walls to the cistern. At the four corners of the cistern are four large glass bottles, each containing about twenty quarts of wine, one white, another red. From one to the other of these, smaller bottles are ranged of the same material and form, that is, round with a long neck, holding about four or five quarts, white and red alternately. Round the cellar are several rows of niches in the wall, and in each nich is a bottle also of red and white alternately. Some niches are made to hold two. Some windows give light to the

apartment, and all these bottles so well ranged with their various colours, have a very fine effect to the eye. They are always kept full, the wine preserving better, and therefore are replenished as fast as they are emptied.—*Tavernier.*

From golden goblets there, &c.—P. 18.

The Cuptzi, or king of Persia's merchant, treated us with a collation, which was served in, in plate vermilion gilt.

The Persians having left us, the ambassadors sent to the Chief Weywode a present, which was a large drinking cup, vermilion gilt.—*Ambassador's Travels.*

At Ispahan, the king's horses were watered with silver pails thus coloured.

The Turks and Persians seem wonderfully fond of gilding; we read of their gilt stirrups, gilt bridles, gilt maces, gilt scymetars, &c. &c.

That beverage the mother of sins.—P. 18.

Mohammedes vinum appellabat *Matrem peccatorum*; cui sententiæ Hafez, Anacreon ille Persarum, minime ascribit suam; dicit autem.

" Acre illud (vinum) quod vir religiosus *matrem peccatorum* vocitat,

Optabilius nobis ac dulcius videtur, quam virginis suavium."—*Poeseos Asiat. Com.*

Illide ignem illum nobis liquidum,
Hoc est, ignem illum aquæ similem affer.—*Hafez.*

That fragrant from its dewy vase, &c.—P. 18.

They export from Com earthen ware both white and varnished; and this is peculiar to the white ware which is thence transported, that in the summer it cools the water wonderfully and very suddenly, by reason of continual transpiration. So that they who desire to drink cool and deliciously, never drink in the same pot above five or six days at most. They wash it with rose water the first time, to take away the ill smell of the earth, and they hang it in the air full of water, wrapped up in a moist linen cloth. A fourth part of the water transpires in six hours the first time; after that, still less from day to day, till at last the pores are closed up by the thick matter contained in the water which stops in the pores. But so soon as the pores are stopt, the water stinks in the pots, and you must take new ones.—*Chardin.*

In Egypt people of fortune burn *Scio mastic* in their cups; the penetrating odour of which pervades the porous substance, which remains impregnated with it a long time, and imparts to the water a perfume which requires the aid of habit to render it pleasing.—*Sonnini.*

And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue.—P. 18.

Casbin produces the fairest grape in Persia, which they call *Shaheni*, or the royal grape, being of a gold colour, transparent, and as big as a small olive. These grapes are dried and transported all over the kingdom. They also make the strongest wine in the world, and the most luscious, but very thick, as all strong and sweet wines usually are. This incomparable grape grows only

upon the young branches, which they never water. So that, for five months together, they grow in the heat of summer, and under a scorching sun, without receiving a drop of water, either from the sky or otherwise. When the vintage is over, they let in their cattle to browze in the vineyards; afterwards they cut off all the great wood, and leave only the young stocks about three feet high, which need no propping up with poles as in other places, and therefore they never make use of any such supporters.—*Chardin.*

Here cased in ice, the apricot, &c.—P. 19.

Dr Fryer received a present from the Caun of Bunder-Abassæ, of apples candied in snow.

When Tavernier made his first visit to the Kan at Erivan, he found him with several of his officers regaling in the *Chambers of the Bridge.* They had wine which they cooled with ice, and all kinds of fruit and melons in large plates, under each of which was a plate of ice.

A great number of camels were laden with snow to cool the liquors and fruit of the Caliph Mahadi, when he made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Their ancles bound with bracelet-bells, &c.—P. 19.

Of the Indian dancing women who danced before the ambassadors at Ispahan, "some were shod after a very strange manner. They had above the instep of the foot a string tied, with little bells fastened thereto, whereby they discovered the exactness of their cadence, and sometimes corrected the music itself; as they did also by the Tzarpanes or Castagnets, which they had in their hands, in the managing whereof they were very expert."

At Koojar, Mungo Park saw a dance "in which many performers assisted, all of whom were provided with little bells, which were fastened to their legs and arms."

Transparent garments to the greedy eye, &c.—P. 19.

At Seronge, a sort of cloth is made so fine, that the skin may be seen through it, as though it were naked. Merchants are not permitted to export this, the governor sending all that is made to the Seraglio of the Great Mogul, and the chief lords of his court. C'est de quoy les Sultanes et les femmes des Grands Seigneurs, se font des chemises, et des robes pour la chaleur, et le Roy et les Grands se plaisent a les voir au travers de ces chemises fines, et a les faire danser.—*Tavernier.*

Loud from the chambers of the bridge below.—P. 21.

I came to a village called Cupri-Kent, or the Village of the Bridge, because there is a very fair bridge that stands not far from it, built upon a river called Tabadi. This bridge is placed between two mountains, separated only by the river, and supported by four arches, unequal both in their heighth and breadth. They are built after an irregular form, in regard of two great heaps of a rock that stand in the river, upon which they laid so many arches. Those at the two ends are hollowed on both sides, and serve to lodge passengers, wherein they have made to that purpose little chambers and porticos, with every one a chimney. The arch in the middle of the river is hollowed quite through, from one part to the other, with two chambers at the ends, and two large balconies covered, where they take the cool air in the summer with

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

From fear, amazement, joy,
At length the Arabian Maid recovering speech,
Threw around Thalaba her arms, and cried,
"My father! O my father!" ... Thalaba
In wonder lost, yet fearful to enquire,
Bent down his cheek on hers,
And their tears met, and mingled as they fell.

ONEIZA.

At night they seiz'd me, Thalaba! in my sleep, ..
Thou wert not near, .. and yet when in their grasp
I woke, my shriek of terror called on thee.

My father could not save me, . . an old man!
And they were strong and many, . . O my God,
The hearts they must have had to hear his prayers,
And yet to leave him childless!

THALABA.

We will seek him;
We will return to Araby.

ONEIZA.

Alas!
We should not find him, Thalaba! our tent
Is desolate! the wind hath heaped the sands
Within its door, the lizard's track is left
Fresh on the untrodden dust; prowling by night
The tyger, as he passes, hears no breath
Of man, and turns to search its solitude.
Alas! he strays a wretched wanderer
Seeking his child! old man, he will not rest, . .
He cannot rest, . . . his sleep is misery, . .
His dreams are of my wretchedness, my wrongs . .
O Thalaba! this is a wicked place!
Let us be gone!

THALABA.

But how to pass again

The iron doors that opening at a breath
Gave easy entrance? armies in their strength,
Would fail to move those hinges for return!

ONEIZA.

But we can climb the mountains that shut in
This dreadful garden.

THALABA.

Are Oneiza's limbs
Equal to that long toil?

ONEIZA.

Oh I am strong,
Dear Thalaba! for this .. fear gives me force,
And you are with me!
So she took his hand,
And gently drew him forward, and they went
Towards the mountain chain.
It was broad moonlight, and obscure or lost
The garden beauties lay,
But the great boundary rose, distinctly mark'd.
These were no little hills,
No sloping uplands lifting to the sun
Their vine-yards, with fresh verdure, and the shade

Of ancient woods, courting the loiterer
To win the easy ascent: stone mountains these
Desolate rock on rock,
The burthens of the earth,
Whose snowy summits met the morning beam
When night was in the vale, whose feet were fix'd
In the world's foundations. Thalaba survey'd
The heights precipitous,
Impending crags, rocks unascendible,
And summits that had tir'd the eagle's wing;
"There is no way!" he cried.
Paler Oneiza grew,
And hung upon his arm a feebler weight.

But soon again to hope
Revives the Arabian maid,
As Thalaba imparts the sudden thought.
"I past a river," cried the youth,
"A full and copious stream.
"The flowing waters cannot be restrain'd,
"And where they find or force their way,
"There we perchance may follow; thitherward
"The current rolled along."

So saying, yet again in hope
Quickening their eager steps,
They turned them thitherward.

Silent and calm the river rolled along,
And at the verge arriv'd
Of that fair garden, o'er a rocky bed
Towards the mountain base,
Still full and silent, held its even way.
But the deep sound, the dash
Louder and louder in the distance rose,
As if it forced its stream
Struggling with crags along a narrow pass.
And lo! where raving o'er a hollow course
The ever-flowing tide
Foams in a thousand whirlpools! there adown
The perforated rock
Plunge the whole waters, so precipitous,
So fathomless a fall,
That their earth-shaking roar came deadened up
Like subterranean thunders.
"Allah save us!"

Oneiza cried, " there is no path for man
" From this accursed place !"
And as she spake, her joints
Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under her.
" Cheer up, Oneiza !" Thalaba replied,
" Be of good heart. We cannot fly
" The dangers of the place,
" But we can conquer them !"

And the young Arab's soul
Arose within him; " what is he," he cried,
" Who hath prepar'd this garden of delight,
" And wherefore are its snares?"

The Arabian Maid replied,
" The Women when I entered, welcom'd me
" To Paradise, by Aloadin's will
" Chosen like themselves, a Houri of the Earth.
" They told me, credulous of his blasphemies,
" That Aloadin placed them to reward
" His faithful servants with the joys of Heaven.
" O Thalaba, and all are ready here

" To wreak his wicked will, and work all crimes!
" How then shall we escape?"

" Woe to him!" cried the Appointed, a stern smile
Darkening with stronger shades his countenance;
" Woe to him! he hath laid his toils
" To take the Antelope,
" The Lion is come in!"
She shook her head, " a Sorcerer he
" And guarded by so many! Thalaba, . .
" And thou but one!"
He raised his hand to Heaven,
" Is there not God, Oneiza?
" I have a Talisman, that, whoso bears,
" Him, nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal Powers
" Of Evil, can cast down.
" Remember Destiny
" Hath mark'd me from mankind!
" Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy sleep!"

So on a violet bank
The Arabian Maid laid down,

Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and flowers.
She lay in silent prayer,
Till prayer had tranquilliz'd her fears,
And sleep fell on her. By her side
Silent sate Thalaba,
And gaz'd upon the Maid,
And as he gaz'd, drew in
New courage and intenser faith,
And waited calmly for the eventful day.

Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd Maid
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.
The flush of fear inflam'd her cheek,
But Thalaba was calm of soul,
Collected for the work.
He ponder'd in his mind
How from Lobaba's breast
His blunted arrow fell.
Aloadin too might wear
Spell perchance of equal power
To blunt the weapon's edge!

Beside the river-brink,
Rose a young poplar, whose unsteady leaves
Varying their verdure to the gale,
With silver glitter caught
His meditating eye.
Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
And gave his father's bow,
And o'er her shoulders slung
The quiver arrow-stor'd.
"Me other weapon suits;" said he,
"Bear thou the Bow: dear Maid,
The days return upon me, when these shafts,
True to thy guidance, from the lofty palm
Brought down the cluster, and thy gladden'd eye,
Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of praise.
Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert-joys!"
So saying, to the bank
He mov'd, and stooping low,
With double grasp, hand below hand, he clench'd,
And from its watry soil
Uptore the poplar trunk.

Then off he shook the clotted earth,
And broke away the head
And boughs, and lesser roots;
And lifting it aloft,
Wielded with able sway the massy club.
" Now for this child of Hell!" quoth Thalaba;
" Belike he shall exchange to-day
" His dainty Paradise
" For other dwelling, and the fruit
" Of Zaccoum, cursed tree."

With that the youth and Arab maid
Toward the garden centre past.
It chanced that Aloadin had convok'd
The garden-habitants,
And with the assembled throng
Oneiza mingled, and the appointed youth.
Unmark'd they mingled, or if one
With busier finger to his neighbour notes
The quiver'd Maid, " haply," he says,
" Some daughter of the Homerites,
" Or one who yet remembers with delight

" Her native tents of Himiar!" " Nay!" rejoins
His comrade, " a love-pageant! for the man
" Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty club
" Some savage lion-tamer, she forsooth
" Must play the heroine of the years of old!"

Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sate Aloadin; o'er the Sorcerer's head
Hovered a Bird, and in the fragrant air
Waved his wide winnowing wings,
A living canopy.
Large as the plumeless Cassowar
Was that o'ershadowing Bird;
So huge his talons, in their grasp
The Eagle would have hung a helpless prey.
His beak was iron, and his plumes
Glittered like burnish'd gold,
And his eyes glow'd, as though an inward fire
Shone through a diamond orb.

The blinded multitude
Ador'd the Sorcerer,

And bent the knee before him,
And shouted out his praise,
" Mighty art thou, the Bestower of joy,
" The Lord of Paradise!"
Aloadin waved his hand,
And they stood mute, and moveless,
In idolizing awe.
" Children of Earth," he cried,
" Whom I have guided here
" By easier passage than the gate of Death;
" The infidel Sultan, to whose lands
" My mountains reach their roots,
" Blasphemes and threatens me.
" Strong are his armies, many are his guards,
" Yet may a dagger find him.
" Children of Earth, I tempt ye not
" With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
" With tales of a hereafter Heaven
" Whence never Traveller hath return'd!
" Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy,
" That in these groves of happiness
" For ever over-mantling tempts

"The ever-thirsty lip?
"Who is there here that by a deed
"Of danger will deserve
"The eternal joys of actual paradise?

"I!" Thalaba exclaim'd,
And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's head
He dash'd the knotty club.

He fell not, though the force
Shattered his skull; nor flow'd the blood,
For by some hellish talisman
His life imprison'd still
Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd crowd
Stand motionless with fear, and wait
Immediate vengeance from the wrath of Heaven.
And lo! the Bird .. the monster Bird,
Soars up .. then pounces down
To seize on Thalaba!
Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
Now draw the arrow home! ...
True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand;
It pierced the monster Bird,

It broke the Talisman,..
Then darkness cover'd all,..
Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells
Of Spirits accurs'd, destroy'd
The Paradise of Sin.

At last the earth was still;
The yelling of the Demons ceas'd;
Opening the wreck and ruin to their sight,
The darkness roll'd away. Alone in life,
Amid the desolation and the dead,
Stood the Destroyer and the Arabian Maid.
They look'd around, the rocks were rent,
The path was open, late by magic clos'd.
Awe-struck and silent down the stony glen
They wound their thoughtful way.

Amid the vale below
Tents rose, and streamers play'd
And javelins sparkled in the sun,
And multitudes encamp'd,
Swarm'd, far as eye could follow, o'er the plain.

There in his war-pavilion sate
In council with his Chiefs
The Sultan of the Land.
Before his presence there a Captain led
Oneiza and the appointed Youth.

" Obedient to our Lord's command," said he,
" We past toward the mountains, and began
" The ascending strait; when suddenly Earth shook,
" And darkness, like the midnight, fell around,
" And fire and thunder came from Heaven
" As though the Retribution day were come.
" After the terror ceas'd, and when with hearts
" Somewhat assur'd, again we ventured on,
" This youth and woman met us on the way.
" They told us, that from Aloadin's haunt
" They came, on whom the judgment-stroke hath fallen
" He and his sinful Paradise at once
" Destroy'd by them, the agents they of Heaven.
" Therefore I brought them hither, to repeat
" The tale before thy presence; that as search
" Shall prove it false or faithful, to their merit

"Thou mayest reward them."

"Be it done to us,"

Thalaba answer'd, "as the truth shall prove!"

The Sultan while he spake

"Fix'd on him the proud eye of sovereignty;

"If thou hast play'd with us,

"By Allah and by Ali, Death shall seal

"The lying lips for ever! if the thing

"Be as thou sayest it, Arab, thou shalt stand

"Next to ourself!" ...

And hark! the cry,

The lengthening cry, the increasing shout

Of joyful multitudes!

Breathless and panting to the tent

The bearer of good tidings comes,

"O Sultan, live for ever! be thy foes

"Like Aloadin all!

"The wrath of God hath smitten him."

Joy at the welcome tale

Shone in the Sultan's cheek;

"Array the Arab in the robe

" Of honour," he exclaim'd,
" And place a chain of gold around his neck,
" And bind around his brow the diadem,
" And mount him on my steed of state,
" And lead him through the camp,
" And let the Heralds go before and cry,
" Thus shall the Sultan reward
" The man who serves him well!"

Then in the purple robe
They vested Thalaba,
And hung around his neck the golden chain,
And bound his forehead with the diadem,
And on the royal steed
They led him through the camp,
And heralds went before and cried,
" Thus shall the Sultan reward
" The man who serves him well!"

When from the pomp of triumph
And presence of the King
Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld

His animated eye,
His cheek inflam'd with pride.
" Oneiza!" cried the youth,
" The King hath done according to his word,
" And made me in the land
" Next to himself be nam'd!..
" But why that serious melancholy smile?...
" Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me
" Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought
" Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st hear
" The tidings, and be happy."

ONEIZA.

Thalaba,
Thou would'st not have me mirthful! am I not
An orphan,.. among strangers?

THALABA.

But with me!

ONEIZA.

My Father,..

THALABA.

Nay, be comforted! last night
To what wert thou expos'd! in what a peril
The morning found us!.. safety, honour, wealth,

These now are ours. This instant who thou wert
The Sultan ask'd. I told him from our childhood
We had been plighted; .. was I wrong, Oneiza?
And when he said with bounties he would heap
Our nuptials, .. wilt thou blame me if I blest
His will, that bade me fix the marriage day! .....
In tears, Oneiza? ..

ONEIZA.

REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA.

Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd,
The mission ceas'd; else would wise Providence
With its rewards and blessings strew my path
Thus for accomplish'd service?

ONEIZA.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?
Is it not prudent to abide in peace
Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA.

Take me to the Deserts!

THALABA.

But Moath is not there; and would'st thou dwell
In a Stranger's tent? thy father then might seek
In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

ONEIZA.

Take me then to Mecca!
There let me dwell a servant of the Temple.
Bind thou thyself my veil, . . to human eye
It never shall be lifted. There, whilst thou
Shalt go upon thine enterprize, my prayers,
Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,
And I shall live, . . if not in happiness,
Surely in hope.

THALABA.

Oh think of better things!
The will of Heaven is plain: by wonderous ways
It led us here, and soon the common voice
Will tell what we have done, and how we dwell
Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and find us
What he hath wish'd us ever. . . Still in tears!
Still that unwilling eye! nay . . nay . . Oneiza . .

I dare not leave thee other than my own, . .
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the Sultan from all thoughts
That sin against thee; but, so sure as Heaven
Hath gifted thee above all other maids
With loveliness, so surely would those thoughts
Of wrong arise within the heart of Power.
If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
But else, there is no sanctuary could save.

ONEIZA.

Thalaba! Thalaba!

With song, with music, and with dance,
The bridal pomp proceeds.
Following on the veiled Bride
Fifty female slaves attend
In costly robes, that gleam
With interwoven gold,
And sparkle far with gems.
An hundred slaves behind them bear
Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,
And many a gorgeous garment gay,
The presents that the Sultan gave.

On either hand the pages go
With torches flaring through the gloom,
And trump and timbrel merriment
    Accompanies their way;
And multitudes with loud acclaim
    Shout blessings on the Bride.
And now they reach the palace pile,
The palace home of Thalaba,
And now the marriage feast is spread,
And from the finish'd banquet now
    The wedding guests are gone.

Who comes from the bridal chamber? . . .
It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.

NOTES TO BOOK VII.

Within its door the lizard's track is left, &c.—P. 42.

THE dust which overspreads these beds of sand is so fine, that the lightest animal, the smallest insect, leaves there as on snow, the vestiges of its track. The varieties of these impressions produce a pleasing effect, in spots where the saddened soul expects to meet with nothing but symptoms of the proscriptions of nature.—*It is impossible to see any thing more beautiful* than the traces of the passage of a species of very small lizards, extremely common in these desarts. The extremity of their tail forms regular sinuosities, in the middle of two rows of delineations, also regularly imprinted by their four feet, with their five slender toes. These traces are multiplied and interwoven near the subterranean retreats of these little animals, and present a singular assemblage which is *not void of beauty.*—*Sonnini.*

VII. 64

In the world's foundations, &c.—P. 44.

These lines are feebly adapted from a passage in Burnet's Theory of the Earth.

Hæc autem dicta vellem de genuinis et majoribus terræ montibus; non gratos *Bacchi* colles hic intelligimus, aut amœnos illos monticulos, qui viridi herba et vicino fonte et arboribus, vim æstivi solis repellunt: hisce non deest sua qualiscunque elegantia et jucunditas. Sed longe aliud hic respicimus, nempe longæva illa, tristia et squalentia corpora, telluris pondera, quæ duro capite rigent inter nubes, infixisque in terram saxeis pedibus, ab innumeris seculis steterunt immobilia, atque nudo pectore pertulerunt tot annorum ardentes soles, fulmina et procellas. Hi sunt primævi et immortales illi montes, qui non aliunde, quam ex fracta mundi compage ortum suum ducere potuerunt, nec nisi cum eadem perituri sunt.

The whole chapter *de montibus* is written with the eloquence of a poet. Indeed, Gibbon bestowed no exaggerated praise on Burnet in saying, that he had "blended scripture, history, and tradition, into one magnificent system, with a sublimity of imagination scarcely inferior to Milton himself." This work should be read in Latin, the author's own translation is miserably inferior. He lived in the worst age of English prose.

Of Zaccoum, cursed Tree.—P. 50.

The Zaccoum is a tree which issueth from the bottom of Hell; the fruit thereof resembleth the heads of devils; and the damned shall eat of the same, and shall fill their bellies therewith; and there shall be given them thereon

a mixture of boiling water to drink; afterwards shall they return to Hell.—*Koran*, Chap. 37.

This hellish Zaccoum has its name from a thorny tree in Tehama, which bears fruit like an almond, but extremely bitter; therefore the same name is given to the infernal tree.—*Sale.*

Some daughter of the Homerites.—P. 50.

When the sister of the famous Derar was made prisoner before Damascus, with many other Arabian women, she excited them to mutiny, they seized the poles of the tents, and attacked their captors. This bold resolution, says Marigny, was not inspired by impotent anger. Most of these women had military inclinations already; particularly those who were of the tribe of Himiar, or of the Homerites, where they are early exercised in riding the horse, and in using the bow, the lance, and the javelin. The revolt was successful, for, during the engagement, Derar came up to their assistance.—*Marigny.*

The Paradise of Sin.—P. 54.

In the N. E. parts of Persia there was an old man named Aloadin, a Mahumetan, which had inclosed a goodly vally, situate between two hilles, and furnished it with all variety which nature and art could yield; as fruits, pictures, rilles of milk, wine, honey, water, pallaces, and beautifull damosells, richly attired, and called it Paradise. To this was no passage but by an impregnable castle; and daily preaching the pleasures of this Paradise to the youth which he kept in his court, sometimes would minister a sleepy drinke to some of them, and then

conveigh them thither, where, being entertained with these pleasures four or five days, they supposed themselves rapt into Paradise, and then being again cast into a trance by the said drink, he caused them to be carried forth, and then would examine them of what they had seene, and by this delusion would make them resolute for any enterprize which he should appoint them; as to murther any prince his enemy, for they feared not death in hope of their Mahumetical Paradise. But Haslor or Ulan, after three years siege, destroyed him, and this his fool's Paradise.—*Purchas.*

In another place, Purchas tells the same tale, but calls the Impostor Aladeules, and says that Selim the Ottoman Emperor, destroyed his Paradise.

The story is told by many writers, but with such difference of time and place, as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable.

Travelling on further towards the south, I arrived at a certaine countrey called Melistorte, which is a very pleasant and fertile place. And in this countrey there was a certeine aged man called Senex de Monte, who, round about two mountaines, had built a wall to inclose the sayd mountaines. Within this wall there were the fairest and most chrystall fountaines in the whole world: and about the sayd fountaines there were most beautiful virgins in great number, and goodly horses also; and, in a word, every thing that could be devised for bodily solace and delight, and therefore the inhabitants of the countrey call the same place by the name of Paradise.

The sayd olde Senex, when he saw any proper and valiant young man, he would admit him into his paradise.

Moreover, by certaine conducts, he makes wine and milk to flow abundantly. This Senex, when he hath a minde to revenge himselfe, or to slay any king or baron, commandeth him that is governor of the sayd Paradise, to bring thereunto some of the acquaintance of the sayd king or baron, permitting him a while to take his pleasure therein, and then to give him a certeine potion, being of force to cast him into such a slumber as should make him quite voide of all sense, and so being in a profounde sleepe, to convey him out of his paradise: who being awaked, and seeing himselfe thrust out of the paradise, would become so sorrowfull, that he could not in the world devise what to do, or whither to turne him. Then would he go unto the foresaide old man, beseeching him that he might be admitted againe into his paradise: who saith unto him, you cannot be admitted thither, unlesse you will slay such or such a man for my sake, and if you will give the attempt onely whether you kill him or no, I will place you againe in paradise, that there you may remaine alwayes. Then would the party, without faile, put the same in execution, indevouring to murther all those against whom the sayd olde man had conceived any hatred. And therefore all the kings of the East stood in awe of the sayd olde man, and gave unto him great tribute.

And when the Tartars had subdued a great part of the world, they came unto the sayd olde man, and tooke from him the custody of his paradise; who being incencensed thereat, sent abroad divers desperate and resolute persons out of his forenamed paradise, and caused many of the Tartarian nobles to be slain. The Tartars, seeing

this, went and besieged the city wherein the sayd olde man was, tooke him, and put him to a most cruell and ignominious death.—*Odoricus.*

The most particular account is given by that undaunted liar, Sir John Maundevile.

" Beside the Yle of Pentexoire, that is, the Lond of Prestre John, is a gret Yle, long and brode, that men clepen Milsterak; and it is in the Lordschipe of Prestre John. In that Yle is gret plentee of godes. There was dwellinge somtyme a ryche man; and it is not long sithen, and men clept him Gatholonabes; and he was full of cauteles, and of sotylle disceytes; and had a fulle fair castelle, and a strong, in a mountayne, so strong and so noble, that no man cowde devise a fairere, ne a strengere. And he had let muren all the mountayne aboute with a strong walle and a fair. And withinne the walles he had the fairest gardyn that ony man might behold; and therein were trees beryinge all maner of frutes that ony man cowde devyse, and therein were also alle maner vertuous herbes of gode smelle, and alle other herbes also that beren faire floures, and he had also in that gardyn many faire welles, and beside the welles he had lete make faire halles and faire chambres, depeynted alle with gold and azure. And there weren in that place many dyverse thinges, and many dyverse stories; and of bestes and of bryddes that songen fulle delectabely, and moveden be craft that it semede that thei weren quyke. And he had also in his gardyn all maner of fowles and of bestes, that ony man myghte thinke on, for to have pley or desport to beholde hem. And he had also in that place, the faireste damyseles that myghte ben founde un-

der the age of 15 zere, and the fairest songe striplynges that men myghte gete of that same age; and all thei weren clothed in clothes of gold fully rychely, and he seyde that tho weren angeles. And he had also let make three welles faire and noble, and all envyround with ston of jaspre, of cristalle, dyapred with gold, and sett with precious stones, and grete orient perles. And he had made a conduyt under erthe, so that the three welles, at his list, on scholde renne milk, another wyn, and another hony, and that place he clept paradys. And whan that eny gode knyght, that was hardy and noble, came to see this Rialtee, he would lede him into his paradys, and schewen him theise wondirfulle thinges to his desport, and the marveyllous and delicious song of dyverse bryddes, and the faire damyseles and the faire welles of mylk, wyn, and honey plenteyous rennynge. And he wouide let make dyverse instruments of musick to sownen in an high tour, so merily, that it was joye for to here, and no man scholde see the craft thereof: and tho, he seyde, weren Aungeles of God, and that place was paradys, that God had behyghte to his friendes, saying, *Dabo vobis terram fluentem lacte et melle.* And thanne wolde he maken hem to drynken of certeyn drynk, whereof anon thei sholden be dronken, and thanne wolde hem thinken gretter delyt than thei hadden before. And then wolde he seye to hem, that zif thei wolde dyen for him and for his love, that after hire dethe thei scholde come to his paradys, and their scholde ben of the age of the damyseles, and thei scholde pleyen with hem and zit ben maydenes. And after that zit scholde he putten hem in a fayrere paradys; where that thei scholde see God of

nature visibely in his magestee and in his blisse. And than wolde he schewe hem his entent and seye hem, that sif thei wolde go sle such a lord, or such a man, that was his enemye, or contrarious to his list, that thei scholde not drede to don it, and for to be sleyn therefore hemselfe; for aftir hire dethe he wolde putten hem into another paradys, that was an hundred fold fairere than ony of the tothere: and there scholde thei dwellen with the most fairest damyseles that myghte be, and pley with hem ever more. And thus wenten many dyverse lusty bacheleres for to sle grete lords, in dyverse countrees, that weren his enemyes, and maden hemself to ben slayn in hope to have that paradys. And thus often tyme he was revenged of his enemyes by his sotylle disceytes and false cauteles. And whan the worthe men of the contree hadden perceyved this sotylle falshod of this Gatholonabes, thei assembled hem with force, and assayleden his castelle, and slowen him, and destroyden all the faire places, and alle the nobletees of that paradys. The place of the welles, and of the walles, and of many other thinges, bene zit apertly sene; but the richesse is voyded clene. And it is not long gon sithen that place was destroyed."—*Sir John Maundeville.*

"*The man who serves him well!*"—P. 57.

Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head.

And let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the King's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the King delighteth to

honour, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour.

Esther. vi. 8, 9.

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Take me then to Mecca!—P. 59.

The Sheik Kotbeddin discusses the question, whether it be, upon the whole, an advantage or disadvantage to live at Mecca? for all doctors agree, that good works performed there have double the merit which they would have any where else. He therefore enquires, Whether the guilt of sins must not be augmented in a like proportion?—*Notices des MSS. de la Bibl. Nat.* t. 4. 541.

The Eighth Book.

Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro
Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.
Spargimus has lacrimas, mœsti monumenta parentis,—
Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumulum.
Sperabam genitor tædas præferre jugales.
Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi;
Heu! gener est Orcus; quique O dulcissima! per te
Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater.

JOACH. BELLAIUS.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

WOMAN.

Go not among the Tombs, Old Man!
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.

Will he harm me if I go?

WOMAN.

Not he, poor miserable man!
But 'tis a wretched sight to see
His utter wretchedness.
For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan;

Nor ever at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee, nor moves his lips.
I have taken him food for charity,
And never a word he spake;
But yet so ghastly he look'd,
That I have awaken'd at night
With the dream of his ghastly eyes.
Now go not among the Tombs, Old Man!

OLD MAN.

Wherefore has the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him?

WOMAN.

He came a Stranger to the land,
And did good service to the Sultan,
And well his service was rewarded.
The Sultan nam'd him next himself,
And gave a palace for his dwelling,
And dower'd his bride with rich domains.
But on his wedding night
There came the Angel of Death.
Since that hour, a man distracted
Among the sepulchres he wanders.
The Sultan, when he heard the tale,

Said, that for some untold crime
Judgment thus had stricken him,
And, asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shewn him favour,
Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN.

A Stranger did you say?

WOMAN.

An Arab born, like you.
But go not among the Tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
Might make a hard heart ache!

OLD MAN.

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd
A countryman in distress:
And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of a friend.

Then to the Sepulchre
The Woman pointed out,
Old Moath bent his way.
By the tomb lay Thalaba,
In the light of the setting eve;

The sun, and the wind, and the rain,
Had rusted his raven locks;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent;
By the tomb he lay along,
And his lean fingers play'd,
Unwitting, with the grass that grew beside.

The Old Man knew him not,
And, drawing near him, cried,
"Countryman, peace be with thee!"
The sound of his dear native tongue
Awaken'd Thalaba;
He rais'd his countenance,
And saw the good Old Man
And he arose, and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the youth,
And fear'd that he was childless; and he turn'd
His eyes, and pointed to the tomb.
"Old Man!" cried Thalaba,
"Thy search is ended there!"

The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quivered with the misery;
Howbeit, collecting, with a painful voice
He answered, "God is good! his will be done!"

The woe in which he spake,
The resignation that inspir'd his speech,
They soften'd Thalaba.
"Thou hast a solace in thy grief," he cried,
"A comforter within!
"Moath! thou seest me here,
"Deliver'd to the Evil Powers,
"A God-abandon'd wretch."

The Old Man look'd at him incredulous.
"Nightly," the youth pursued,
"Thy daughter comes to drive me to despair.
"Moath, thou thinkest me mad, . .
"But when the Cryer from the Minaret
"Proclaims the midnight hour,
"Hast thou a heart to see her?"

In the Meidan now

"A Fiend! a manifest Fiend!"
And to the youth he held his lance;
"Strike and deliver thyself!"
"Strike HER!" cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all powers,
Gaz'd fixedly upon the dreadful form.
"Yea, strike her!" cried a voice, whose tones
Flow'd with such sudden healing through his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him;
But, unobedient to that well known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And, howling with the wound,
Its demon tenant fled.
A sapphire light fell on them,
And, garmented with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's Spirit stood.

"O Thalaba!" she cried,
"Abandon not thyself!

"Wouldst thou for ever lose me? . . go, fulfil
"Thy quest, that in the Bowers of Paradise
"In vain I may not wait thee, O my Husband!"
To Moath then the Spirit
Turn'd the dark lustre of her Angel eyes;
"Short is thy destin'd path,
"O my dear Father! to the abode of bliss.
"Return to Araby,
"There with the thought of death
"Comfort thy lonely age,
"And Azrael the Deliverer, soon
"Shall visit thee in peace."

They stood with earnest eyes,
And arms out-reaching, when again
The darkness clos'd around them.
The soul of Thalaba reviv'd;
He from the floor the quiver took,
And, as he bent the bow, exclaim'd,
"Was it the over-ruling Providence
"That in the hour of frenzy led my hands
"Instinctively to this?
"To-morrow, and the sun shall brace anew

" The slacken'd cord, that now sounds loose and damp;
" To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing,
" In tort vibration, to the arrow's flight.
" I . . but I also, with recovered health
" Of heart, shall do my duty.
" My Father! here I leave thee then!" he cried,
" And not to meet again,
" Till at the gate of Paradise
" The eternal union of our joys commence.
" We parted last in darkness!" . . and the youth
Thought with what other hopes;
But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd.
The Old Man answered nothing, but he held
His garment, and to the door
Of the Tomb Chamber followed him.
The rain had ceas'd, the sky was wild,
Its black clouds broken by the storm.
And lo! it chanced that in the chasm
Of Heaven between, a star,
Leaving along its path continuous light,
Shot eastward. " See my guide!" quoth Thalaba
And turning, he receiv'd

Old Moath's last embrace,
And the last blessing of the good Old Man.

Evening was drawing nigh,
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun
At his cell door, invited for the night
The traveller; in the sun
He spread the plain repast,
Rice and fresh grapes, and at their feet there flow'd
The brook of which they drank.

So as they sate at meal,
With song, with music, and with dance,
A wedding train went by;
The veiled bride, the female slaves,
The torches of festivity,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanied their way.
The good old Dervise gave
A blessing as they past;
But Thalaba look'd on,
And breath'd a low, deep groan, and hid his face.
The Dervise had known sorrow, and he felt

Compassion; and his words
Of pity and of piety
Open'd the young man's heart,
And he told all his tale.

" Repine not, O my Son!" the Old Man replied,
" That Heaven hath chasten'd thee. Behold this vine,
" I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swoln into irregular twigs,
And bold excrescences,
" And spent itself in leaves and little rings,
" So in the flourish of its outwardness
" Wasting the sap and strength
" That should have given forth fruit;
" But when I prun'd the Tree,
" Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
" Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
" Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
" The hand that wisely wounded it.
" Repine not, O my Son!
" In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts,
" Like a wise Leech, its painful remedies."

Then pausing,.. "Whither goest thou now?" he ask'd.
"I know not;" answered Thalaba;
"Straight on, with Destiny my guide."
Quoth the Old Man,.. "I will not blame thy trust,
"And yet methinks thy feet
"Should tread with certainty.
"In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling place,
"The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath seen
"The World, with all her children, thrice destroy'd.
"Long is the thither path,
"And difficult the way, of danger full;
"But his unerring voice
"Could point to certain end thy weary search."

Easy assent the youth
Gave to the words of wisdom; and behold
At dawn, the adventurer on his way to Kaf.
And he hath travelled many a day,
And many a river swum over,
And many a mountain ridge hath crost,
And many a measureless plain;
And now amid the wilds advanced,

Long is it since his eyes
Have seen the trace of man.

Cold! cold! 'tis a chilly clime
That the toil of the youth has reach'd,
And he is aweary now,
And faint for the lack of food.
Cold! cold! there is no Sun in heaven,
But a heavy and uniform cloud,
And the snows begin to fall.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of Hodeirah?
Dost thou long for the gales of Arabia?
Cold! cold! his blood flows languidly,
His hands are red, his lips are blue,
His feet are sore with the frost.
Cheer thee! cheer thee! Thalaba!
A little yet bear up!

All waste! no sign of life
But the track of the wolf and the bear!
No sound but the wild, wild wind,
And the snow crunching under his feet!
Night is come; no moon, no stars, . .

Only the light of the snow !
But behold a fire in the cave of the hill,
A heart-reviving fire ;
And thither with strength renew'd
Thalaba presses on.

He found a Woman in the cave,
A solitary Woman,
Who by the fire was spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The pine boughs they blazed chearfully,
And her face was bright with the flame ;
Her face was as a Damsel's face,
And yet her hair was grey.
She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The thread the Woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm's,
Was finer than the gossamer ;
The song she sung was low and sweet,
And Thalaba knew not the words.

He laid his bow before the hearth,
For the string was frozen stiff;
He took the quiver from his neck,
For the arrow plumes were iced.
Then as the chearful fire
Reviv'd his languid limbs,
The adventurer ask'd for food.
The Woman answered him,
And still her speech was song:
" The She Bear she dwells near to me,
" And she hath cubs, one, two, and three;
" She hunts the deer, and brings him here,
" And then with her I make good cheer,
" And she to the chase is gone,
" And she will be here anon."

She ceas'd her spinning while she spake,
And when she had answered him,
Again her fingers twirl'd the thread,
And again the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing
The unintelligible song.

The thread she spun it gleam'd like gold
In the light of the odorous fire,
Yet was it so wonderously thin,
That, save when it shone in the light,
You might pry for it closely in vain.
The youth sate watching it,
And she beheld his wonder,
And then again she spake,
And still her speech was song:
Now twine it round thy hands I say,
Now twine it round thy hands I pray,
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
"But he must be
"A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she rais'd her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smil'd on him,
And he conceiv'd no ill;
And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the Woman spake,

And still her speech was song,
" Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain!
" Now then break the slender chain."

Thalaba strove, but the thread
Was woven by magic hands,
And in his cheek the flush of shame
Arose, commixt with fear.
She beheld and laugh'd at him,
And then again she sung,
" My thread is small, my thread is fine,
" But he must be
" A stronger than thee,
" Who can break this thread of mine."

And up she rais'd her bright blue eyes
And fiercely she smil'd on him,
" I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son!
" I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,
" For binding thyself in the chain I have spun!"
Then from his head she wrench'd
A lock of his raven hair,
And cast it in the fire

And cried aloud as it burnt,
" Sister! Sister! hear my voice!
" Sister! Sister! come and rejoice!
" The web is spun,
" The prize is won,
" The work is done,
" For I have made captive Hodeirah's Son."

Borne in her magic car
The Sister Sorceress came,
Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer brood.
She gaz'd upon the youth,
She bade him break the slender thread,
She laugh'd aloud for scorn,
She clapt her hands for joy.

The She Bear from the chase came in,
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth,
She laid it at Maimuna's feet,
And she look'd up with wistful eyes
As if to ask her share.
" There! there!" quoth Maimuna
And pointing to the prisoner-youth,

She spurn'd him with her foot,
And bade her make her meal.
But soon their mockery fail'd them,
And anger and shame arose;
For the She Bear fawn'd on Thalaba,
And quietly lick'd his hand.

The grey-haired Sorceress stampt the ground,
And call'd a Spirit up;
"Shall we bear the Enemy
"To the dungeon dens below?"

SPIRIT.

Woe! woe! to our Empire woe!
If ever he tread the caverns below.

MAIMUNA.

Shall we leave him fetter'd here
With hunger and cold to die?

SPIRIT.

Away from thy lonely dwelling fly!
Here I see a danger nigh
That he should live, and thou shouldst die.

MAIMUNA.

Whither must we bear the foe?

SPIRIT.

To Mohareb's island go,
There shalt thou secure the foe,
There prevent thy future woe.

Then in the Car they threw
The fetter'd Thalaba,
And took their seats, and set
Their feet upon his neck;
Maimuna held the reins,
And Khawla shook the scourge,
And away! away! away!

They were no steeds of mortal race
That drew the magic car
With the swiftness of feet and of wings.
The snow-dust rises behind them,
The ice-rock's splinters fly,
And hark! in the valley below
The sound of their chariot wheels, . .
And they are far over the mountains!
Away! away! away!
The Demons of the air
Shout their joy as the Sisters pass,

The Ghosts of the Wicked that wander by night
Flit over the magic car.
Away! away! away!
Over the hills and the plains,
Over the rivers and rocks,
Over the sands of the shore;
The waves of ocean heave
Under the magic steeds;
With unwet hoofs they trample the deep,
And now they reach the Island coast,
And away to the city the Monarch's abode.
Open fly the city gates,
Open fly the iron doors,
The doors of the palace court.
Then stopt the charmed car.
The Monarch heard the chariot-wheels,
And forth he came to greet
The Mistress whom he serv'd.
He knew the captive youth,
And Thalaba beheld
Mohareb in the robes of royalty,
Whom erst his arm had thrust
Down the bitumen pit.

NOTES TO BOOK VIII.

"*But when the Cryer from the Minaret*," &c.—P. 79.

As the celestial Apostle, at his retreat from *Medina*, did not perform always the five canonical prayers at the precise time, his disciples, who often neglected to join with him in the *Namaz*, assembled one day to fix upon some method of announcing to the public those moments of the day and night when their master discharged this first of religious duties. Flags, bells, trumpets, and fire, were successively proposed as signals. None of these, however, were admitted. The flags were rejected as unsuited to the sanctity of the object; the bells, on account of their being used by Christians; the trumpets, as appropriated to the Hebrew worship; the fire, as having too near an analogy to the religion of the pyrolators. From this contrariety of opinions, the disciples separated without any determination. But one of them, *Abdullah ibn Zeid Abderiyé*, saw the night following, in a dream, a

celestial being clothed in green: he immediately requested his advice, with the most zealous earnestness, respecting the object in dispute. I am come to inform you, replied the heavenly visitor, how to discharge this important duty of your religion. He then ascended to the roof of the house, and declared the *Ezann* with a loud voice, and in the same words which have been ever since used to declare the canonical periods. When he awoke, *Abdullah* ran to declare his vision to the prophet, who loaded him with blessings, and authorized that moment *Bilal Habeschy*, another of his disciples, to discharge, on the top of his house, that august office, by the title of *Muezzinn*.

These are the words of the Ezann: *Most high God! most high God! most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other except God; I acknowledge that there is no other except God! I acknowledge that* Mohammed *is the Prophet of God! come to prayer! come to prayer! come to the temple of salvation! Great God! great God! there is no God except God.*

This declaration must be the same for each of the five canonical periods, except that of the morning, when the *Muezzinn* ought to add, after the words, *come to the temple of salvation*, the following; *prayer is to be preferred to sleep, prayer is to be preferred to sleep.*

This addition was produced by the zeal and piety of *Bilal Habeschy*: as he announced one day the *Ezann* of the dawn in the prophet's antichamber, Aische, in a whisper, informed him, that the celestial envoy was still asleep; this first of the *Muezzinns* then added these words, *prayer is to be preferred to sleep;* when he awoke, the prophet

applauded him, and commanded *Bilal* to insert them in all the morning *Esanns*.

The words must be chanted, but with deliberation and gravity, those particularly which constitute the profession of the faith. The *Muessinn* must pronounce them distinctly; he must pay more attention to the articulation of the words, than to the melody of his voice; he must make proper intervals and pauses, and not precipitate his words, but let them be clearly understood by the people. He must be interrupted by no other object whatever. During the whole *Esann*, he must stand with a finger in each ear, and his face turned, as in prayer, towards the *Keabe* of *Mecca*. As he utters these words, *come to prayer, come to the temple of salvation*, he must turn his face to the right and left, because he is supposed to address all the nations of the world, the whole expanded universe. At this time the auditors must recite, with a low voice, the *Tehhlil*, . . There is no strength, there is no power, but what is in God, in that supreme Being, in that powerful Being.—*D'Ohsson*.

In the Meidan now, &c.—P. 79.

In the Meidan, or Great Place of the city of Tauris, there are people appointed every evening when the sun sets, and every morning when he rises, to make during half an hour a terrible concert of trumpets and drums. They are placed on one side of the square, in a gallery somewhat elevated; and the same practice is established in every city in Persia.—*Tavernier*.

Into the Chamber of the Tomb, &c.—P. 80.

If we except a few persons, who are buried within

the precincts of some sanctuary, the rest are carried out at a distance from their cities and villages, where a great extent of ground is allotted for that purpose. Each family hath a particular portion of it, walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors have remained undisturbed for many generations. For in these enclosures * the graves are all distinct and separate; having each of them a stone, placed upright, both at the head and feet, inscribed with the name of the person who lieth there interred; whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved all over with tiles. The graves of the principal citizens are further distinguished by some square chambers or cupolas † that are built over them.

Now, as all these different sorts of tombs and sepulchres, with the very walls likewise of the enclosures, are constantly kept clean, white-washed, and beautified, they continue, to this day, to be an excellent comment upon that expression of our Saviour's where he mentions the *garnishing of the sepulchres*, and again where he compares the scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites, to *whited sepulchres*,

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* They seem to be the same with the Περιβολοι of the Antients. Thus Euripides. Troad. l. 414.

Αλλ' αντι κεδρου περιβολων τελαινων
Εν τηδε θαψαι παιδα.

† Such places probably as these are to be understood, when the Demoniack is said to have *his dwelling among the tombs*.

which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. For the space of two or three months after any person is interred, the female relations go once a week to weep over the grave, and perform their parentalia upon it.—*Shaw.*

About a quarter of a mile from the town of Mylasa, is a sepulchre of the species called by the ancients, *Distœye* or *Double-roofed.* It consisted of two square rooms. In the lower, which has a door-way, were deposited the urns, with the ashes of the deceased. In the upper, the relations and friends solemnized the anniversary of the funeral, and performed stated rites. A hole made through the floor was designed for pouring libations of honey, milk, or wine, with which it was usual to gratify the manes or spirits.—*Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor.*

St Anthony the Great once retired to the sepulchres, a brother shut him in one of the tombs, and regularly brought him food. One day he found the doors of the tomb broken, and Anthony lying upon the ground as dead, the devil had so mauled him. Once a whole army of devils attacked him; the place was shaken from its foundation, the walls were thrown down, and the crowd of multiform fiends rushed in. They filled the place with the shapes of lions and bulls and wolves, asps, serpents, scorpions, pards, and bears, yelling, and howling, and threatening, and flogging and wounding him. The brave saint defied them, and upbraided them for their cowardice in not attacking him one to one, and defended himself with the sign of the cross. And lo, a light fell from above, which at once put the hellish rabble to flight, and healed his wounds, and strengthened him; and the walls

of the sepulchre rose from their ruins. Then knew Anthony the presence of the Lord, and the voice of Christ proceeded from the light, to comfort and applaud him.—

Acta Sanctorum. tom. 2. *Jan.* 17. P. 123.

Vita S. Ant. auctore S. Athanasio.

The Egyptian saints frequently inhabited sepulchres. St James the hermit found an old sepulchre, made in the form of a cave, wherein many bones of the dead had been deposited, which, by length of time, were now become as dust. Entering there, he collected the bones into a heap, and laid them in a corner of the monument, and closed upon himself the old door of the cave.

Acta Sanc. tom. 2. *Jan.* 28. P. 872.

Vita S. Jacobi Eremitæ. apud Metaphrasten.

The vampire corpse, &c.—P. 82.

In the *Lettres Juives*, is the following extract from the *Mercure Historique et Politique*. Octob. 1736.

We have had in this country a new scene of Vampirism, which is duly attested by two officers of the Tribunal of *Belgrade*, who took cognizance of the affair on the spot, and by an officer in his Imperial Majesty's troops at *Gradisch (in Sclavonia)* who was an eye-witness of the proceedings.

In the beginning of September, there died at the village of *Kisilova*, three leagues from *Gradisch*, an old man of above threescore and two: three days after he was buried, he appeared in the night to his son, and desired he would give him somewhat to eat, and then disappeared. The next day the son told his neighbours these par-

ticulars. That night the father did not come, but the next evening he made him another visit, and desired something to eat. It is not known whether his son gave him any thing or not, but the next morning the young man was found dead in his bed. The magistrate or bailiff of the place had notice of this; as also that the same day five or six persons fell sick in the village, and died one after the other. He sent an exact account of this to the tribunal of *Belgrade*, and thereupon two commissioners were dispatched to the village, attended by an executioner, with instructions to examine closely into the affair. An officer in the Imperial service, from whom we have this relation, went also from *Gradisch*, in order to examine personally an affair of which he had heard so much. They opened in the first place the graves of all who had been buried in six weeks. When they came to that of the old man, they found his eyes open, his colour fresh, his respiration quick and strong, yet he appeared to be stiff and insensible. From these signs, they concluded him to be a notorious *Vampire*. The executioner thereupon, by the command of the commissioners, struck a stake through his heart; and when he had so done, they made a bonfire, and therein consumed the carcase to ashes. There was no marks of Vampirism found on his son, or on the bodies of the other persons who died so suddenly.

Thanks be to God, we are as far as any people can be from giving into credulity; we acknowledge that all the lights of physic do not enable us to give any account of this fact, nor do we pretend to enter into its causes. However, we cannot avoid giving credit to a matter of

fact juridically attested by competent and unsuspec witnesses, especially since it is far from being the o one of the kind. We shall here annex an instance of same sort in 1732, already inserted in the Gleaner, No.

In a certain town of *Hungary*, which is called in l tin *Oppida Heidonum*, on the other side *Tibiscus*, vulga called the *Teyse*, that is to say, the river which was the celebrated territory of *Tokay*, as also a part of *Tr sibania*, the people known by the name of *Heyd* believe that certain dead persons, whom they call Vs pires, suck the blood of the living, insomuch that th people appear like skeletons, while the dead bodie the suckers are so full of blood, that it runs out at all passages of their bodies, and even at their very po This old opinion of theirs they support by a multitud facts, attested in such a manner, that they leave no re for doubt. We shall here mention some of the most c siderable.

It is now about five years ago, that a certain *Heyd* an inhabitant of the village of *Medreiga*, whose na was Arnold Paul, was bruised to death by a hay-c which ran over him. Thirty days after his death, no l than four persons died suddenly in that manner, where according to the tradition of the country, those peo generally die who are sucked by Vampires. Upon t a story was called to mind, that this *Arnold Paul* h told in his life-time, viz. that at *Cossova*, on the fr tiers of the *Turkish Servia*, he had been tormented b Vampire; (now the established opinion is, that a per sucked by a Vampire, becomes a Vampire himself, a sucks in his turn.) But that he had found a way to

himself of this evil, by eating some of the earth out of the Vampire's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not hinder his becoming a Vampire; insomuch, that his body being taken up forty days after his death, all the marks of a notorious Vampire were found thereon. His complexion was fresh, his hair, nails, and beard, were grown; he was full of fluid blood, which ran from all parts of his body upon his shroud. The *Hadnagy* or *Bailiff* of the place, who was a person well acquainted with Vampirism, caused a sharp stake to be thrust, as the custom is, through the heart of *Arnold Paul*, and also quite through his body; whereupon he cried out dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burnt his body, and threw the ashes thereof into *Saave*. They took the same measures with the bodies of those persons who had died of Vampirism, for fear that they should fall to sucking in their turns.

All these prudent steps did not hinder the same mischief from breaking out again about five years afterwards, when several people in the same village died in a very odd manner. In the space of three months, seventeen persons of all ages and sexes died of Vampirism, some suddenly, and some after two or three days suffering. Amongst others, there was one *Stanoska*, the daughter of a *Heyduke*, whose name was *Jovitso*, who, going to bed in perfect health, waked in the middle of the night, and making a terrible outcry, affirmed, that the son of a certain *Heyduke*, whose name was *Millo*, and who had been dead about three weeks, had attempted to strangle her in her sleep. She continued from that time in a languishing

condition, and in the space of three days died. What this girl had said, discovered the son of *Millo* to be a Vampire. They took up the body, and found him so in effect. The principal persons of the place, particularly the physician and surgeons, began to examine very narrowly, how, in spite of all their precautions, Vampirism had again broke out in so terrible a manner. After a strict inquisition, they found that the deceased *Arnold Paul* had not only sucked the four persons before mentioned, but likewise several beasts, of whom the new Vampires had eaten, particularly the son of *Millo*. Induced by these circumstances, they took a resolution of digging up the bodies of all persons who had died within a certain time. They did so, and amongst forty bodies, there were found seventeen evidently Vampires. Through the hearts of these they drove stakes, cut off their heads, burnt the bodies, and threw the ashes into the river. All the informations we have been speaking of, were taken in a legal way, and all the executions were so performed, as appears by certificates drawn up in full form, attested by several officers in the neighbouring garrisons, by the surgeons of several regiments, and the principal inhabitants of the place. The verbal process was sent towards the latter end of last January, to the council of war at *Vienna*, who thereupon established a special commission to examine into these facts. Those just now mentioned were attested by the *Hadnagi Barriarer*, the principal *Heyduke* of the village, as also by *Battuer*, first lieutenant of Prince *Alexander* of *Wirtemberg*, *Flickstenger*, surgeon major of the regiment of *Furstemberg*, three other surgeons of the same regiment, and several other persons.

This superstition extends to Greece.

The man, whose story we are going to relate, was a peasant of Mycone, naturally ill-natured and quarrelsome; this is a circumstance to be taken notice of in such cases. He was murdered in the fields, nobody knew how, or by whom. Two days after his being buried in a chapel in the town, it was noised about that he was seen to walk in the night with great haste, that he tumbled about people's goods, put out their lamps, griped them behind, and a thousand other monkey tricks. At first the story was received with laughter; but the thing was looked upon to be serious when the better sort of people began to complain of it; the Papas themselves gave credit to the fact, and no doubt had their reasons for so doing; masses must be said, to be sure: but for all this, the peasant drove his old trade, and heeded nothing they could do. After divers meetings of the chief people of the city, of priests, and monks, it was gravely concluded, that it was necessary, in consequence of some musty ceremonial, to wait till nine days after the interment should be expired.

On the tenth day, they said one mass in the chapel where the body was laid, in order to drive out the Demon which they imagined was got into it. After mass, they took up the body, and got every thing ready for pulling out its heart. The butcher of the town, an old clumsy fellow, first opens the belly instead of the breast, he groped a long while among the entrails, but could not find what he looked for; at last, somebody told him he should cut up the diaphragm. The heart was then pulled out, to the admiration of all the spectators. In the mean

time, the corpse stunk so abominably, that they were obliged to burn frankincense; but the smoke mixing with the exhalations from the carcase, increased the stink, and began to muddle the poor people's pericranies. Their imagination, struck with the spectacle before them, grew full of visions. It came into their noddles, that a thick smoke came out of the body; we durst not say it was the smoke of the incense. They were incessantly bawling out Vroucolacas, in the chapel and place before it; this is the name they give to these pretended Redivivi. The noise bellowed through the streets, and it seemed to be a name invented on purpose to rend the roof of the chapel. Several there present averred, that the wretch's blood was extremely red; the butcher swore the body was still warm; whence they concluded, that the deceased was a very ill man for not being thoroughly dead, or, in plain terms, for suffering himself to be re-animated by Old Nick; which is the notion they have of Vroucolacas. They then roared out that name in a stupendous manner. Just at this time came in a flock of people loudly protesting, they plainly perceived the body was not grown stiff, when it was carried from the fields to church to be buried, and that consequently it was a true Vroucolacas; which word was still the burden of the song.

I don't doubt they would have sworn it did not stink, had not we been there; so mazed were the poor people with this disaster, and so infatuated with their notion of the dead being re-animated. As for us, who were got as close to the corpse as we could, that we might be more exact in our observations, we were almost poisoned with the intolerable stink that issued from it. When they

asked us what we thought of this body, we told them we believed it to be very thoroughly dead: but as we were willing to cure, or at least not to exasperate their prejudiced imaginations, we represented to them, that it was no wonder the butcher should feel a little warmth when he groped among entrails that were then rotting, that it was no extraordinary thing for it to emit fumes, since dung turned up will do the same; that as for the pretended redness of the blood, it still appeared by the butcher's hands to be nothing but a very stinking nasty smear.

After all our reasons, they were of opinion it would be their wisest course to burn the dead man's heart on the sea-shore: but this execution did not make him a bit more tractable; he went on with his racket more furiously than ever; he was accused of beating folks in the night, breaking down doors, and even roofs of houses, clattering windows, tearing clothes, emptying bottles and vessels. It was the most thirsty devil! I believe he did not spare any body but the Consul in whose house we lodged. Nothing could be more miserable than the condition of this island; all the inhabitants seemed frighted out of their senses: the wisest among them were stricken like the rest; it was an epidemical disease of the brain, as dangerous and infectious as the madness of dogs. Whole families quitted their houses, and brought their tent beds from the farthest parts of the town into the public place, there to spend the night. They were every instant complaining of some new insult; nothing was to be heard but sighs and groans at the approach of night: the better sort of people retired into the country.

When the prepossession was so general, we thought it our best way to hold our tongues. Had we opposed it, we had not only been accounted ridiculous blockheads, but Atheists and Infidels; how was it possible to stand against the madness of a whole people? Those that believed we doubted the truth of the fact, came and upbraided us with our incredulity, and strove to prove that there were such things as Vroucolacasses, by citations out of the Buckler of Faith, written by F. Richard, a Jesuit Missionary. He was a Latin, say they, and consequently you ought to give him credit. We should have got nothing by denying the justness of the consequence: it was as good as a comedy to us every morning to hear the new follies committed by this night bird; they charged him with being guilty of the most abominable sins.

Some citizens, that were most zealous for the good of the public, fancied they had been deficient in the most material part of the ceremony. They were of opinion that they had been wrong in saying mass before they had pulled out the wretch's heart: had we taken this precaution, quoth they, we had bit the devil as sure as a gun; he would have been hanged before he would ever have come there again: whereas, saying mass first, the canning dog fled for it awhile, and came back again when the danger was over.

Notwithstanding these wise reflections, they remained in as much perplexity as they were the first day: they meet night and morning, they debate, they make processions three days and three nights, they oblige the Papas to fast; you might see them running from house to house,

holy-water-brush in hand, sprinkling it all about, and washing the doors with it; nay, they poured it into the mouth of the poor Vroucolacas.

We so often repeated it to the magistrates of the town, that in Christendom we should keep the strictest watch a-nights upon such an occasion, to observe what was done, that at last they caught a few vagabonds, who undoubtedly had a hand in these disorders; but either they were not the chief ringleaders, or else they were released too soon. For two days afterwards, to make themselves amends for the Lent they had kept in prison, they fell foul again upon the wine tubs of those who were such fools as to leave their houses empty in the night: so that the people were forced to betake themselves again to their prayers.

One day as they were hard at this work, after having stuck I know not how many naked swords over the grave of this corpse, which they took up three or four times a-day, for any man's whim; an Albaneze that happened to be at Mycone, took upon him to say, with a voice of authority, that it was to the last degree ridiculous to make use of the swords of Christians in a case like this. Can you not conceive, blind as ye are, says he, that the handles of these swords being made like a cross, hinders the devil from coming out of the body? Why do you not rather take the Turkish sabres?. The advice of this learned man had no effect: the Vroucolacas was incorrigible, and all the inhabitants were in a strange consternation; they knew not now what saint to call upon, when of a sudden, with one voice, as if they had given each other the hint, they fell to bawling out all through the city,

that it was intolerable to wait any longer; that the only way left was to burn the Vroucolacas entire; that after so doing, let the devil lurk in it if he could; that it was better to have recourse to this extremity than to have the island totally deserted; and indeed whole families began to pack up, in order to retire to Syre or Tinos. The magistrates therefore ordered the Vroucolacas to be carried to the point of the island St George, where they prepared a great pile with pitch and tar, for fear the wood, as dry as it was, should not burn fast enough of itself. What they had before left of this miserable carcase, was thrown into this fire, and consumed presently. It was on the 1st of January, 1701. We saw the flame as we returned from Delos; it might justly be called a bonfire of joy, since after this no more complaints were heard against the Vroucolacas; they said that the devil had now met with his match, and some ballads were made to turn him into ridicule.—*Tournefort.*

In Dalmatia, the Morlachians, before a funeral, cut the hamstrings of the corpse, and mark certain characters upon the body with a hot iron; they then drive nails or pins into different parts of it, and the Sorcerers finish the ceremony by repeating certain mysterious words; after which, they rest confident that the deceased cannot return to the earth to shed the blood of the living.—*Cassas.*

"*That Heaven has chasten'd thee. Behold this vine.*"

P. 86.

In these lines I have versified a passage in Bishop Taylor's Sermons, altering as little as possible his unimproveable language.

" For so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the Lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expence of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made accounts of that loss of blood, by the return of fruit."

" *And difficult the way, of danger full.*"—P. 87.

It appears from Hafiz, that the way is not easily found out. He says, " Do not expect faith from any one; if you do, deceive yourself in searching for the Simorg and the philosopher's stone."

And away! away! away!—P. 95.

My readers will recollect the Lenora. The unwilling resemblance has been forced upon me by the subject. I could not turn aside from the road, because Burger had travelled it before. The " Old Woman of Berkely" has been foolishly called an imitation of that inimitable ballad: the likeness is of the same kind as between Macedon and Monmouth. Both are ballads, and there is a horse in both.

Mohareb in the robes of royalty, &c.—P. 96.

How came Mohareb to be Sultan of this Island? Every one who has read Don Quixote, knows that there are al-

ways islands to be had by adventurers. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Domdanielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story.

The Ninth Book.

Conscience! ...
Poor plodding Priests and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow pulpits, and the empty aisles
Of churches ring, with that round word: but we,
That draw the subtile and more piercing air
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good we make so, and go on
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.

B. Jonson. Mortimer's Fall.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE NINTH BOOK.

"Go up, my Sister Maimuna,
"Go up, and read the stars!"

Lo! on the terrace of the topmost tower
She stands; her darkening eyes,
Her fine face rais'd to heaven;
Her white hair flowing like the silver streams
That streak the northern night.

They hear her coming tread,
They lift their asking eyes,

Her face is serious, her unwilling lips
Slow to the tale of ill.
" What hast thou read? what hast thou read?"
Quoth Khawla in alarm.
" Danger . . death . . judgment!" Maimuna replied.

" Is that the language of the lights of Heaven?"
Exclaim'd the sterner Witch.
" Creatures of Allah, they perform his will,
" And with their lying menaces would daunt
" Our credulous folly. . . Maimuna,
" I never lik'd this uncongenial lore!
" Better befits to make the sacrifice
" Of Divination; so shall I
" Be mine own Oracle.
" Command the victims thou, O King!
" Male and female they must be,
" Thou knowest the needful rites.
" Meanwhile I purify the place."

The Sultan went; the Sorceress rose,
And North, and South, and East, and West,
She faced the points of Heaven;
And ever where she turn'd

She laid her hand upon the wall;
And up she look'd, and smote the air,
And down she stoopt, and smote the floor,
" To Eblis and his servants
" I consecrate the place,
" Let none intrude but they!
" Whatever hath the breath of life,
" Whatever hath the sap of life,
" Let it be blasted and die!"

Now all is prepar'd;
Mohareb returns,
The Circle is drawn,
The Victims have bled,
The Youth and the Maid.
he in the circle holds in either hand,
Clench'd by the hair, a head,
The heads of the Youth and the Maid.
" Go out, ye lights!" quoth Khawla,
And in darkness began the spell.

With spreading arms she whirls around
Rapidly, rapidly,

Ever around and around;
And loudly she calls the while,
"Eblis! Eblis!"
Loudly, incessantly,
Still she calls, "Eblis! Eblis!"
Giddily, giddily, still she whirls,
Loudly, incessantly, still she calls;
The motion is ever the same,
Ever around and around;
The calling is still the same,
Still it is, "Eblis! Eblis!"
And her voice is a shapeless yell,
And dizzily rolls her brain,
And now she is full of the Fiend.
She stops, she rocks, she reels!
Look! look! she appears in the darkness!
Her flamy hairs curl up
All living, like the Meteor's locks of light!
Her eyes are like the sickly Moon!

It is her lips that move,
Her tongue that shapes the sound,
But whose is the Voice that proceeds? ...

" Ye may hope and ye may fear,
" The danger of his stars is near.
" Sultan! if he perish, woe!
" Fate hath written one death-blow
" For Mohareb and the Foe!
" Triumph! triumph! only she
" That knit his bonds can set him free."

She spake the Oracle,
And senselessly she fell.
They knelt in care beside her, . .
Her Sister and the King;
They sprinkled her palms with water,
They wetted her nostrils with blood.
She wakes as from a dream,
She asks the uttered Voice;
ut when she heard, an anger and a grief
Darken'd her wrinkling brow.
Then let him live in long captivity!"
he answer'd: but Mohareb's quicken'd eye
Perus'd her sullen countenance,
That lied not with the lips.
A miserable man!

What boots it, that, in central caves
The Powers of Evil at his Baptism pledg'd
The Sacrament of Hell?
His death secures them now.
What boots it that they gave
Abdaldar's guardian ring,
When, through another's life,
The blow may reach his own?

He sought the dungeon cell
Where Thalaba was laid.
'Twas the grey morning twilight, and the voice
Of Thalaba in prayer,
With words of hallow'd import, smote
The King's alarmed sense.
The grating of the heavy hinge
Rous'd not the Arabian youth;
Nor lifted he his earthward face,
At sound of coming feet.
Nor did Mohareb with unholy voice
Disturb the duty: silent, spirit-aw'd,
Envious, heart-humbled, he beheld
The dungeon-peace of piety;

Till Thalaba, the perfect rite perform'd,
Rais'd his calm eye; then spake the Island-Chief,
"Arab! my guidance through the dangerous Cave,
"Thy service overpaid,
"An unintended friend in enmity.
"The hand, that caught thy ring,
"Receiv'd, and bore me to the scene I sought.
"Now know me grateful. I return
"That amulet, thy only safety here."

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.
Lock'd in his magic chain,
The powerless hand of Thalaba
Receiv'd again the Spell.
Remembering then with what an ominous faith
First he drew on the gem,
The Youth repeats his words of augury;
"In God's name and the Prophet's! be its power
"Good, let it serve the holy! if for evil,
"God and my faith shall hallow it.
"Blindly the wicked work
"The righteous will of Heaven!"

So Thalaba receiv'd again
The written ring of gold.

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive youth.
Then, building skilfully the sophist speech,
Thus he began. "Brave art thou, Thalaba!
"And wherefore are we foes? .. for I would buy
"Thy friendship at a princely price, and make thee
"To thine own welfare wise.
"Hear me! in Nature are two hostile Gods,
"Makers and Masters of existing things,
"Equal in power: .. nay, hear me patiently! ..
"Equal .. for look around thee! the same Earth
"Bears fruit and poison; where the Camel finds
"His fragrant food, the horned Viper there
"Sucks in the juice of death: the Elements
"Now serve the use of man, and now assert
"Dominion o'er his weakness: dost thou hear
"The sound of merriment and nuptial song?
"From the next house proceeds the mourner's cry,
"Lamenting o'er the dead. Sayest thou that sin
"Enter'd the world of Allah? that the Fiend,
"Permitted for a season, prowls for prey?

When to thy tent the venomous serpent creeps,
Dost thou not crush the reptile? even so,
Beaure, had Allah crush'd his Enemy,
But that the power was wanting. From the first,
Eternal as themselves their warfare is,
To the end it must endure. Evil and Good . .
What are they, Thalaba, but words? in the strife
Of Angels, as of men, the weak are guilty;
Power must decide. The Spirits of the Dead,
Quitting their mortal mansion, enter not,
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final seat
Of bliss, or bale; nor in the sepulchre
Sleep they the long long sleep: each joins the host
Of his great Leader, aiding in the war
" Whose fate involves his own.
" Woe to the vanquish'd then!
Woe to the sons of man who followed him!
They, with their Leader, through eternity,
" Must howl in central fires.
Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will was not,
Nor searching doubt, nor judgment wise to weigh
Hard is the service of the Power, beneath

" Whose banners thou wert born; his discipline
" Severe, yea cruel; and his wages, rich
" Only in promise; who hath seen the pay?
" For us . . the pleasures of the world are ours,
" Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the Earth.
" We met in Babylon adventurers both,
" Each zealous for the hostile Power he serv'd:
" We meet again; thou feelest what thou art,
" Thou seest what I am, the Sultan here,
" The Lord of Life and Death.
" Abandon him who has abandon'd thee,
" And be, as I am, great among mankind!"

The Captive did not, hasty to confute,
Break off that subtle speech;
But when the expectant silence of the King
Look'd for his answer, then spake Thalaba,
" And this then is thy faith! this monstrous creed!
" This lie against the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
" And Earth, and Heaven! blind man, who canst not see
" How all things work the best! who wilt not know,
" That in the Manhood of the World, whate'er
" Of folly mark'd its Infancy, of vice

" Sullied its Youth, ripe Wisdom shall cast off,
" Stablish'd in good, and, knowing evil, safe.
" Sultan Mohareb, yes, ye have me here
" In chains; but not forsaken, though opprest;
" Cast down, but not destroy'd. Shall danger daunt,
" Shall death dismay his soul, whose life is given
" For God, and for his brethren of mankind?
" Alike rewarded, in that noble cause,
" The Conqueror's and the Martyr's palm above,
" Beam with one glory. Hope ye that my blood
" Can quench the dreaded flame? and know ye not,
" That leagued against ye are the Just and Wise,
" And all Good Actions of all ages past,
" Yea your own Crimes, and Truth, and God in Heaven!"

" Slave!" quoth Mohareb, and his lips
Quivered with eager wrath,
" I have thee! thou shalt feel my power,
" And in thy dungeon loathsomeness
" Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!"
And out the Tyrant rushes,
And all impatient of the thoughts
That canker'd in his heart,

Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous sport
Short respite from the avenging power within.

What Woman is she
So wrinkled and old,
That goes to the wood?
She leans on her staff
With a tottering step,
She tells her bead-strings slow
Through fingers dull'd by age.
The wanton boys bemock her;
The babe in arms that meets her,
Turns round with quick affright,
And clings to his nurse's neck.

Hark! hark! the hunter's cry,
Mohareb is gone to the chase!
The dogs, with eager yelp,
Are struggling to be free;
The hawks in frequent stoop
Token their haste for flight;
And couchant on the saddle-bow,
With tranquil eyes, and talons sheath'd,
The ounce expects his liberty.

Propt on the staff that shakes
Beneath her trembling weight,
The old woman sees them pass.
Halloa! halloa!
The game is up!
The dogs are loos'd,
The deer bounds over the plain:
The lagging dogs behind
Follow from afar!
But lo! the Falcon o'er his head
Hovers with hostile wings,
And buffets him with blinding strokes!
Dizzy with the deafening strokes
In blind and interrupted course,
Poor beast, he struggles on;
And now the dogs are nigh!
How his heart pants! you see
The panting of his heart;
And tears like human tears
Roll down, along the big veins, fever-swoln;
And now the death-sweat darkens his dun hide!
His fears, his groans, his agony, his death,
Are the sport, and the joy, and the triumph!

Halloa! another prey,
The nimble Antelope!
The ounce is freed; one spring,
And his talons are sheath'd in her shoulders,
And his teeth are red in her gore.
There came a sound from the wood,
Like the howl of the winter wind at night,
Around a lonely dwelling;
The ounce, whose gums were warm in his prey,
He hears the summoning sound.
In vain his master's voice,
No longer dreaded now,
Calls and recalls with threatful tone.
Away to the forest he goes,
For that Old Woman had laid
Her shrivell'd finger on her shrivell'd lips,
And whistled with a long, long breath;
And that long breath was the sound
Like the howl of the winter wind at night
Around a lonely dwelling.

Mohareb knew her not,
As to the chase he went,

The glance of his proud eye
Passing in scorn o'er age and wretchedness.
She stands in the depth of the wood,
And panting to her feet,
Fawning and fearful, creeps the charmed ounce.
Well mayst thou fear, and vainly dost thou fawn!
Her form is changed, her visage new,
Her power, her heart the same!
It is Khawla that stands in the wood.

She knew the place where the mandrake grew,
And round the neck of the ounce,
And round the mandrake's head
She tightens the ends of her cord.
Her ears are clos'd with wax,
And her prest finger fastens them,
Deaf as the Adder, when, with grounded head,
And circled form, her avenues of sound
Barr'd safely, one slant eye
Watches the charmer's lips
Waste on the wind his baffled witchery.
The spotted ounce so beautiful,
Springs forceful from the scourge:

The dying plant all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Uttered the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.

Then from her victim servant Khawla loos'd
The precious poison. Next, with naked hand,
She pluck'd the boughs of the manchineel.
Then of the wormy wax she took,
That, from the perforated tree forced out,
Bewray'd its insect-parent's work within.

In a cavern of the wood she sits,
And moulds the wax to human form;
And, as her fingers kneaded it,
By magic accents, to the mystic shape
Imparted with the life of Thalaba,
In all its passive powers,
Mysterious sympathy.
With the maudrake and the manchineel
She builds her pile accurst.
She lays her finger to the pile,
And blue and green, the flesh
Glows with emitted fire,

A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.
Before the fire she placed the imaged wax,
" There, waste away!" the Enchantress cried,
" And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son!"

Fool! fool! go thaw the everlasting ice,
Whose polar mountains bound the human reign.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!
The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdaldar's ring!
Against the danger of his horoscope
Yourselves have shielded him!
And on the sympathizing wax,
The unadmitted flames play powerlessly,
As the cold moon-beam on a plain of snow.

" Curse thee! curse thee!" cried the fiendly woman,
" Hast thou yet a spell of safety?"
And in the raging flames
She cast the imaged wax.
It lay amid the flames,
Like Polycarp of old,
When, by the glories of the burning stake
O'er-vaulted, his grey hairs

Curl'd, life-like, to the fire
That haloed round his saintly brow.

"Wherefore is this!" cried Khawla, and she stampt
Thrice on the cavern floor,
"Maimuna! Maimuna!"
Thrice on the floor she stampt,
Then to the rocky gateway glanced
Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.
"Nay, Sister, nay!" quoth she, "Mohareb's life
"Is link'd with Thalaba's!
"Nay, Sister, nay! the plighted oath!
"The common Sacrament!"

"Idiot!" said Khawla, "one must die, or all!
"Faith kept with him were treason to the rest.
"Why lies the wax like marble in the fire?
"What powerful amulet
"Protects Hodeirah's son?"

Cold, marble-cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
Cold in that white intensity of fire.

The Bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings
Clung to the cave-roof, loos'd her hold,
Death-sickening with the heat;
The Toad, who to the darkest nook had crawl'd,
Panted fast with fever-pain;
The Viper from her nest came forth,
Leading her quicken'd brood,
Who, sportive with the warm delight, roll'd out
Their thin curls, tender as the tendril rings,
Ere the green beauty of their brittle youth
Grows brown, and toughens in the summer sun.
Cold, marble-cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
The silver quivering of the element,
O'er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

Amid the red and fiery smoke,
Watching the strange portent,
The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister stood,
Seeming a ruined Angel by the side
Of Spirit born in hell.
Maimuna rais'd at length her thoughtful eyes,
"Whence Sister was the wax,

" The work of the worm, or the bee?
" Nay then I marvel not!
" It were as wise to bring from Ararat
" The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile,
" And feed it from the balm bower, through whose veins
" The Martyr's blood sends such a virtue out,
" That the fond mother, from beneath its shade,
" Wreathes the Cerastes round her playful child.
" This is the eternal, universal strife!
" There is a Grave-wax, .. I have seen the Gouls
" Fight for the dainty at their banquetting." ..

" Excellent witch!" quoth Khawla; and she went
To the cave arch of entrance, and scowl'd up,
Mocking the blessed Sun,
" Shine thou in Heaven, but I will shadow Earth!
" Thou wilt not shorten day,
" But I will hasten darkness!" Then the Witch
Began a magic song,
One long low tone, through teeth half-clos'd,
Through lips slow-moving, muttered slow,
One long-continued breath,
Till to her eyes a darker yellowness
Was driven, and fuller-swoln the prominent veins

On her loose throat grew black.
Then looking upward, thrice she breath'd
Into the face of Heaven;
The baneful breath infected Heaven;
A mildewing mist, it spread
Darker and darker; so the evening sun
Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,
And it was night below.

" Bring now the wax," quoth Khawla, " for thou know'st
" The mine that yields it!" forth went Maimuna,
In mist and darkness went the Sorceress forth.
And she hath reach'd the place of Tombs,
And in their sepulchres the dead
Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

Thou startest, Maimuna,
Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks!
Is Khawla's spell so weak?
Sudden came the breeze, and strong;
The mist that in the labouring lungs was felt
So heavy late, flies now before the gale,
Thin as an Infant's breath,
Seen in the sunshine of an autumn frost,

Sudden it came, and soon its work was done,
And suddenly it ceas'd;
Cloudless and calm it left the firmament,
And beautiful in the blue sky
Arose the summer Moon.

She heard the quicken'd action of her blood,
She felt the fever in her cheeks.
Daunted, yet desperate, in a tomb
Entering, with impious hand she traced
Circles, and squares, and trines,
And magic characters,
Till, riven by her charms, the grave
Yawn'd and disclos'd its dead;
Maimuna's eyes were open'd, and she saw
The secrets of the grave.

There sate a Spirit in the vault,
In shape, in hue, in lineaments, like life,
And by him couch'd, as if intranced,
The hundred-headed Worm that never dies.

"Nay, Sorceress! not to-night!" the Spirit cried,
"The flesh in which I sinn'd may rest to-night

" From suffering; all things, even I, to-night,
" Even the Damn'd, repose!"

The flesh of Maimuna
Crept on her bones with terror, and her knees
Trembled with their trembling weight.
" Only this Sabbath! and at dawn the Worm
" Will wake, and this poor flesh must grow to meet
" The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths!
" God! God! is there no mercy after death!"

Soul-struck, she rush'd away,
She fled the place of Tombs,
She cast herself upon the earth,
All agony, and tumult, and despair.
And, in that wild and desperate agony,
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,
If aught of evil had been possible
On this mysterious night;
For this was that most holy night
When all Created Things know and adore
The Power that made them; Insects, Beasts, and Birds,
The Water-Dwellers, Herbs, and Trees, and Stones,

Yea Earth and Ocean, and the infinite Heaven,
With all its Worlds. Man only does not know
The universal Sabbath, does not join
With Nature in her homage. Yet the prayer
Flows from the righteous with intenser love,
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
Visit the slumbers of the penitent.

Therefore, on Maimuna, the Elements
Shed healing; every breath she breath'd was balm.
Was not a flower but sent in incense up
Its richest odours, and the song of birds
Now, like the music of the Seraphim,
Enter'd her soul, and now
Made silence aweful by their sudden pause.
It seem'd as if the quiet moon
Pour'd quietness, its lovely light
Was like the smile of reconciling Heaven.

Is it the dew of night
That down her glowing cheek
Shines in the moon-beam? oh! she weeps.. she weeps!
And the Good Angel that abandon'd her
At her hell-baptism, by her tears drawn down,

Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna
Recall'd to mind the double oracle;
Quick as the lightening flash
Its import glanced upon her, and the hope
Of pardon and salvation rose,
As now she understood
The lying prophecy of truth.
She pauses not, she ponders not;
The driven air before her fann'd the face
Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw
The Sorceress of the silver locks.

One more permitted spell!
She takes the magic thread.
With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba
Watches her snowy fingers round and round,
Unwind the loosening chain.
Again he hears the low sweet voice,
The low sweet voice so musical,
That sure it was not strange,
If, in those unintelligible tones,
Was more than human potency,
That with such deep and undefin'd delight,

Filled the surrendered soul.
The work is done, the song hath ceas'd;
He wakes as from a dream of Paradise,
And feels his fetters gone, and with the burst
Of wondering adoration, praises God.

Her charm hath loosed the chain it bound,
But massy walls, and iron gates,
Confine Hodeirah's son.
Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,
That o'er her face there flits
The sudden flush of fear?
Again her louder lips repeat the charm,
Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,
Her pulse plays fast and feeble.
Nay, Maimuna! thy power hath ceas'd,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which rul'd it late.

"Be comforted, my soul!" she cried, her eye
Brightening with sudden joy; "be comforted!
"We have burst through the bonds which bound us down

" To utter death; our covenant with Hell
" Is blotted out! The Lord hath given me strength!
" Great is the Lord, and merciful!
" Hear me, ye rebel Spirits! in the name
" Of Allah and the Prophet, hear the spell!"

Groans then were heard, the prison walls were rent,
The whirlwind wrapt them round, and forth they flew,
Borne in the chariot of the winds abroad.

NOTES TO BOOK IX.

"*His fragrant food the horned Viper there*," &c.—P. 124.

In this valley we found plenty of provender for our cattle: rosemary bushes, and other shrubs of uncommon fragrance, which, being natives of the desart, are still perhaps without a name. Though these scented plants are the usual food of the camel, it is remarkable that his breath is insufferably nauseous. But, when he is pushed by hunger, he devours thistles and prickles indiscriminately, without the least damage to his mouth, which seems proof to the sharpest thorns.—*Eyles Irwin.*

Hovers with hostile wings, &c.—P. 129.

The hawk is used at Aleppo in taking the hare. "As soon as the hare is put up, one, or a brace of the nearest greyhounds are slipped, and the falconer, galloping after them, throws off his hawk. The hare cannot run long, where the hawk behaves properly; but sometimes getting

the start of the dogs, she gains the next hill, and escapes. It now and then happens, when the hawk is fierce and voracious in an unusual degree, that the hare is struck dead at the first stroke, but that is very uncommon; for the hawks preferred for hare-hunting are taught to pounce and buffet the game, not to seize it; and they rise a little between each attack, to descend again with fresh force. In this manner the game is confused and retarded, till the greyhounds come in.—*Russell.*

The Shaheen, or Falcon Gentle, flies at a more dangerous game. Were there not, says the elder Russell, several gentlemen now in England to bear witness to the truth of what I am going to relate, I should hardly venture to assert, that, with this bird, which is about the size of a pigeon, they sometimes take large eagles. The hawk, in former times, was taught to seize the eagle under his pinion, and thus, depriving him of the use of one wing, both birds fell to the ground together. But I am informed, the present mode is to teach the hawk to fix on the back between the wings, which has the same effect, only that the bird tumbling down more slowly, the falconer has more time to come in to his hawk's assistance; but, in either case, if he be not very expeditious, the falcon is inevitably destroyed.

Dr Patrick Russell says, this sport was disused in his time, probably from its ending more frequently in the death of the falcon than of the eagle. But he had often seen the shaheen take herons and storks. "The hawk, when thrown off, flies for some time in a horizontal line, not six feet from the ground, then mounting perpendicularly with astonishing swiftness, he seizes his prey under

the wing, and both together come tumbling to the ground. If the falconer is not expeditious, the game soon disengages itself.

We saw about twenty antelopes, which, however, were so very shy, that we could not get near enough to have a shot, nor do I think it possible to take them without hawks, the mode usually practised in those countries. The swiftest greyhounds would be of no use, for the antelopes are much swifter of foot than any animal I ever saw before.—*Jackson's Journey over Land.*

The Persians train their hawks thus: They take the whole skin of a stag, of the head, body, and legs, and stuff it with straw to the shape of the animal. After fixing it in the place where they usually train the bird, they place his food upon the head of the stuffed stag, and chiefly in the two cavities of the eyes, that the bird may strike there. Having accustomed him for several days to eat in this manner, they fasten the feet of the stag to a plank which runs upon wheels, which is drawn by cords from a distance; and from day to day they draw it faster, insensibly to accustom the bird not to quit his prey; and at last they draw the stag by a horse at full speed. They do the same with the wild boar, the ass, the fox, the hare, and other beasts of chase. They are even taught to stop a horseman at full speed, nor will they quit him till the falconer recals them, and shows them their food.—*Tavernier.*

As the Persians are very patient, and not deterred by difficulty, they delight in training the crow in the same manner as the hawk.—*Tavernier.*

I do not recollect in what history or romance there is

That he the stone, noblest of all,
The whiche that men carbuncle call,
Bereth in his head above on hight.
For whiche, whan that a man by slight
The stone to wynne, and him to dante,
With his carecte him wolde enchante,
Anone as he perceiveth that
He leyth downe his one ear all plat
Unto the ground, and halt it fast,
And eke that other eare als faste
He stoppeth with his taille so sore,
That he the wordes, lasse or more
Of his enchantement ne hereth.
And in this wise himself he skiereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayved,
And thus his eare is nought deceived.

Gower.

Does not "the deaf adder, that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," allude to some snake that cannot be enticed by music, as they catch them in Egypt?

That from the perforated tree forced out.—P. 132.

As for the wax, it is the finest and whitest that may be had, though of bees: and there is such plenty as serves the whole empire. Several provinces produce it, but that of Huquam exceeds all the others, as well in quantity as whiteness. It is gathered in the province of Xantung, upon little trees; but in that of Huquam, upon large ones, as big as those of the Indian pagods, or chesnut trees in Europe. The way nature has found to pre-

duce it, to us appears strange enough. There is in this province, a creature or insect, of the bigness of a flea, so sharp at stinging, that it not only pierces the skins of men and beasts, but the boughs and bodies of the trees. Those of the province of Xantung are much valued, where the inhabitants gather their eggs from the trees, and carry them to sell in the province of Huquam. In the spring, there come from these eggs certain worms, which, about the beginning of the summer, they place at the foot of the tree, whence they creep up, spreading themselves wonderfully over all the branches. Having placed themselves there, they gnaw, pierce, and bore to the very pith, and their nourishment they convert into wax, as white as snow, which they drive out to the mouth of the hole they have made, where it remains congealed in drops by the wind and cold. Then the owners of the trees gather it, and make it into cakes as we do, which are sold about China.—*Gemelli Careri.*

Du Halde's account is somewhat different from this; the worms, he says, fasten on the leaves of the tree, and in a short time form combs of wax, much smaller than the honey combs.

A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.—P. 133.

It being notorious that fire enters into the composition of a devil, because he breathes smoke and flames, there is an obvious propriety in supposing every witch her own tinder-box, as they approximate to diabolic nature. I am sorry that I have not the Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels to refer to; otherwise, by the best authorities, I could show that is the trick of Beelzebub to parody the

costume of religion. The inflammability of saints may be abundantly exampled.

It happened upon a tyme, before St Elfled was chosen Abbesse, that being in the church, at mattins, before day, with the rest of her sisters, and going into the middest, according to the custome, to read a lesson, the candle wherewith she saw to read, chanced to be put out, and, thereupon wanting light, there came from the fingers of her right hand such an exceeding brightnesse upon the suddaine, that not only herselfe, but all the rest of the quire, also might read by it.—*English Martyrologe.* 1608.

Dead saints have frequently possessed this phosphoric quality, like rotten wood, or dead fish. "St Bridget was interred at the towne of Dunne, in the province of Ulster, in the tombe togeather with the venerable bodyes of St Patricke and St Columbe, which was afterward miraculously reveyled to the bishop of that place, as he was praying one night late in the church, about the yeare of Christ, 1176, over which there shined a great light."—*English Martyrologe.*

So, when the nurse of Mohammed first entered the chamber of Amena, his mother, she saw a coruscating splendour, which was the light of the infant prophet, so that Amena never kindled her lamp at night.—*Maracci.*

Another Mohammedan miracle of the same genus, is no ways improbable. When the head of Hosein was brought to Couffah, the governor's gates were closed, and Haula, the bearer, took it to his own house. He awoke his wife, and told her what had so speedily brought him home. I bring with me, said he, the most valuable present that could possibly be made to the Caliph. And the

woman asking earnestly what it could be? the head of Hosein, here it is; I am sent with it to the governor. Immediately she sprung from the bed, not that she was shocked or terrified at the sight, for the Arabian women were accustomed to follow the army, and habituated to the sight of blood and massacre. But Hosein, by Fatima, his mother, was grandson of the prophet, and this produced an astonishing effect upon the mind of the woman. By the apostle of God, she exclaimed, I will never again lie down with a man who has brought me the head of his grandson. The Moslem who, according to the custom of his nation, had many wives, sent for another, who was not so conscientious. Yet, the presence of the head, which was placed upon a table, prevented her from sleeping, *because*, she said, *she saw a great glory playing around it all the night*.—Marigny.

After Affonso de Castro had been martyred in one of the Molucca islands, his body was thrown into the sea. But it was in a few days brought back by Providence to the spot where he had suffered, the wounds fresh as if just opened, and so strange and beautiful a splendour flowing from them, that it was evident the fountain of such a light must be that body, whose spirit was in the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

The Moors interpreted one of these *phosphoric* miracles with equal ingenuity, to favour their own creed. A light was seen every night over the tomb of a Maronite whom they had martyred; and they said the priest was not only tortured with fire in hell, but his very body burnt in the grave.—*Vasconcellos*.

"*There waste away!*" *the Enchantress cried.*—P. 133.

A well-known ceremony of witchcraft, old as classical superstition, and probably not yet wholly disbelieved.

It lay amid the flames, &c.—P. 133.

Beautifully hath Milton painted this legend. "The fire, when it came to proof, would not do his work; but, *starting off like a full sail from the mast*, did but reflect a golden light upon his unviolated limbs, exhaling such a sweet odour, as if all the incense of Arabia had been burning."—*Of Prelatical Episcopacy.*

"*The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile.*"—P. 136.

On Mount Ararat, which is called *Lubar*, or the descending place, is an abbey of St Gregorie's Monks. These Monks, if any list to believe them, say that there remaineth yet some part of the arke, kept by angels; which, if any seeke to ascend, carrie them backe as farre in the night, as they have climbed in the day.—*Purchas.*

"*Wreathes the Cerastes round her playful child.*"—P. 136.

A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Beder.

Ælianus avoucheth, that those vipers which breed in the provinces of Arabia, although they do bite, yet their biting is not venomous, because they doe feede on the baulme tree, and sleepe under the shadow thereof.

Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times.

The balsam tree is nearly of the same size as a sprig of myrtle, and its leaves are like those of the herb sweet

marjoram. Vipers take up their residence about these plants, and are in some places more numerous than in others; for the juice of the balsam tree is their sweetest food, and they are delighted with the shade produced by its leaves. When the time therefore arrives for gathering the juice of this tree, the Arabians come into the sacred grove, each of them holding two twigs. By shaking these, they put to flight the vipers; for they are unwilling to kill them, because they consider them as the sacred inhabitants of the balsam. And if it happens that any one is wounded by a viper, the wound resembles that which is made by iron, but is not attended with any dangerous consequences; for these animals being fed with the juice of the balsam tree, which is the most odoriferous of all trees, their poison becomes changed from a deadly quality into one which produces a milder effect.

Pausanias.

The inhabitants of Helicon say, that none of the herbs or roots which are produced in this mountain, are destructive to mankind. They add, that the pastures here even debilitate the venom of serpents; so that those who are frequently bit by serpents in this part, escape the danger with greater ease than if they were of the nation of the Psylli, or had discovered an antidote against poison.

Pausanias.

"*There is a grave-wax, . . I have seen the Gouls,*" &c. P. 136.

The common people of England have long been acquainted with this change which muscular fibre undergoes. Before the circumstance was known to philosophers, I have heard them express a dislike and loathing to spermaceti, "because it was dead men's fat."

Fool feet unholy trampling over them.—P. 137.

The Persians are strangely superstitious about the burial of their kings. For, fearing lest by some magical art, any enchantments should be practised upon their bodies to the prejudice of their children, they conceal, as much as in them lies, the real place of interment.

To this end, they send to several places several coffins of lead, with others of wood, which they call Taboot, and bury all alike with the same magnificence. In this manner they delude the curiosity of the people, who cannot discern by the outside, in which of the coffins the real body should be. Not but it might be discovered by such as would put themselves to the expense and trouble of doing it. And thus it shall be related in the life of Habas the Great, that twelve of these coffins were conveyed to twelve of the principal Mosques, not for the sake of their riches, but of the person which they enclosed; and yet nobody knew in which of the twelve the king's body was laid, though the common belief is, that it was deposited at Ardevil.

It is also said in the life of Sefie I., that there were three coffins carried to three several places, as if there had been a triple production from one body, though it were a thing almost certainly known, that the coffin where the body was laid, was carried to this same city of Kom, and to the same place where the deceased king commanded the body of his deceased father to be carried.—*Chardin.*

They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portuguese gentleman had one day ignorantly strayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged

him to go before the Cadi. The gentleman complained of violence, and asserted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was mistaken, for that the poor dead suffered when trodden on by Christian feet. Muley Ishmael once had occasion to bring one of his wives through a burial ground, and the people removed the bones of their relations, and murmuring, said, he would neither suffer the living nor the dead to rest in peace.—*Chenier. Additional Chap. by the Translator.*

Were this Moorish superstition true, there would have been some monkish merit in the last request of St Swithin, "when he was ready to depart out of this world, he commanded (for humilityes sake) his body to be buried in the church-yard, whereon every one might tread with their feet."—*English Martyrologe.*

There is a story recorded, how that St Frithstane was wont every day to say masse and office for the dead; and one evening as he walked in the church-yard, reciting the said office, when he came to *requiescant in pace*, the voyces in the graves round about made answere aloud, and said, *Amen.*—*English Martyrologe.*

I observed at Damascus, says Thevenot, that the Turks leave a hole, of three fingers breadth in diameter, on the top of their tombs, (where there is a channel of earth over the dead body) that serves to cool the dead; for the women, going thither on Thursday to pray, which they never fail to do every week, they pour in water by that hole, to refresh them, and quench their thirst; and at the end of the grave, they stick in a large branch of box, and leave it there, to keep the dead cool. They have another no less pleasant custom, and that is, when a woman hath lost her husband, she still asks his counsel

about her affairs. For instance, she will go to his grave, and tell him that such a person hath wronged her, or that such a man would marry her, and thereupon asks his counsel what she should do; having done so, she returns home, expecting the answer, which her late husband fails not to come and give her the night following.

"*The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths!*" &c.
P. 139.

The Mohammedan tradition is even more horrible than this. The corpse of the wicked is gnawed and stung till the resurrection by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each; or, as others say, their sins will become venomous beasts, the grievous ones stinging like dragons, the smaller like scorpions, and the others like serpents; circumstances which some understand in a figurative sense.

Sale's Preliminary Discourse.

This Mohammedan tale may be traced to the Scripture; "whose worm dieth not."

They also believe, that after a man is buried, the soul returns to the body; and that two very terrible angels come into the grave, the one called *Munkir*, and the other *Guanequir*, who take him by the head, and make him kneel, and that, for that reason, they leave a tuft of hair on the crown of their head, that the angels who make them kneel may take hold of it. After that, the angels examine him in this manner: *Who is thy God, thy religion, and prophet?* and he answers thus: *My God is the true God; my religion is the true religion; and my prophet is Mahomet.* But if that man find himself to be guilty, and being afraid of their tortures, shall say—*You are*

my God and my prophet, and it is in you that I believe. At such an answer, these angels smite him with a mace of fire, and depart; and the earth squeezes the poor wretch so hard, that his mother's milk comes running out of his nose. After that come two other angels, bringing an ugly creature with them, that represents his sins and bad deeds, changed into that form; then, opening a window, they depart into hell, and the man remains there with that ugly creature, being continually tormented with the sight of it, and the common miseries of the damned, until the day of judgment, when both go to hell together. But if he hath lived well, and made the first answer above-mentioned, they bring him a lovely creature, which represents his good actions, changed into that form; then, the angels opening a window, go away to paradise, and the lovely creature remains, which gives him a great deal of content, and stays with him until the day of judgment, when both are received into paradise.—*Thevenot.*

Monkish ingenuity has invented something not unlike the Mahommedan article of faith.

St Elpheg, saith William of Malmsbury, in his tender years took the monastic habit at Dirherst, then a small monastery, and now only an empty monument of antiquity. There, after he had continued a while, aspiring to greater perfection, he went to bathe, where, enclosing himself in a secret cell, he employed his mind in contemplation of celestial things. To him there, after a short time, were congregated a great number of religious persons, desiring his instructions and directions; and among them, being many, there were some who gave themselves to licentious feasting and drinking in the night time, their

spiritual father, St Elpheg, not knowing of it. But Almighty God did not a long time suffer this their licence, but, at midnight, struck with a sudden death one who was the ringleader in this licentiousness, in the chamber where they practised such excesses. In the mean time, the holy man being at his prayers, was interrupted by a great noise, proceeding out of the same chamber, and wondering at a thing so unaccustomed, he went softly to the dore, looking in through certain clefts, he saw two devils of a vast stature, which, with frequent strokes, as of hammers, tormented the liveles carkeys; from whence, notwithstanding, proceeded loud clamours, as desiring help. But his tormentours answered, thou didst not obey God, neither will we thee. This, the next morning, the holy man related to the rest; and no wonder if his companions became afterward more abstemious.—*Cresoy.*

. There is another ceremony to be undergone at the time of death, which is described in a most barbarous mixture of Arabic and Spanish. The original is given for its singularity, and also because there are some words in it which I have not been able to explain.

Sepa todo Moslim *que quando viene a la muerte, que lenvia* Allah *cinco* Almalaques. *El pirimero viene quando* larruh (la alma) *esta en la garganta, y dize le,* ye *fijo de Adam que es de tu cuerpo el forçudo, que tan falaco es oy? y que es de tu lengua la fablante, como se enmudercido el dia de oy? y que es de tu compania y parientes? oy te desaran solo. Y viene* lalmalac *segondo, quando le meten la mortaja, y dize le,* ye *fijo de Adam, que es de lo que tenias de la requeza para la povreza? y que es de lo que alçaste del poblado para el yermo? y que es de lo que alçaste del solaço*

para la soledad? Y viene lalmalac *tercero quando lo ponen en* lanaas, (las andas) *y dize le. Ye fijo de Adam, oy caminaras camino que nunca lo caminez mas luente qu'el; el dia de oy veras jente que nunca la veyerte nunca jamas; el dia de oy entraraz en casa que nunca entraste en mas esterecha qu'ella jamas ni mas escura. Y viene* lalmalac *quarto, quando lo meten en la fuessa y* quirida *y dize.* Ye *fijo de Adam, ayer eras sobre la carra de la tierra alegre y goyoso, oy seras en su vientre; y buen dia te vino si tu eres en la garacia de* Allah, *y mal dia te vino si tu eres en la ira de* Allah. *Y viene* lalmalac *cinqueno quando esta soterrado y* quirida, *y dize.* Ye *fijo de Adam oy quedaras solo y cunque quedaremos con tu no aporovejariamos ninguna cosa a spelegado ellalgo y desas lo para otri; el dia de oy seras en* laljenna (parayso) *vicyuso, o en el fuego penoso. Aquestos cinco* almalaques *vienen por mandamiento de* Allah *a todo peressona en el paso de la muerte. Rogemos de* Allah *nos ponga por la rogarye y* alfadhila (*merecimiento*) *de nuestoro* alnabi (*profete*) *Mohammad* (salla allaho alayhi vasallam) *nos ponga de los sietvos obidientes, que merescamos ser seguros del espanto de la fuessa y destos cinco* almalaques *por su santo* alrahma (*misericordia*) *y peadad. Amen.*

Notices des Manuscrits de la Bibl. Nationale, t. 4. 636.

Let every Moslem know, that when he comes to die, Allah sends five Almalaques. * The first comes when the

* I suppose this means angels, from the Hebrew word for king.

soul is in the throat, and says to him, Now, son of Adam, what is become of thy body, the strong, which is to-day so feeble? And what is become of thy tongue, the talker, that is thus made dumb to-day? And where are thy companions and thy kin? To-day they have left thee alone. And the second Almalac comes when they put on the winding-sheet, and says, Now, son of Adam, what is become of the riches which thou hadst, in this poverty? And where are the peopled lands which were thine, in this desolation? And where are the pleasures which were thine, in this solitariness? And the third Almalac comes when they place him upon the bier, and says, Now, son of Adam, to-day thou shalt travel a journey, than which, thou hast never travelled longer; to-day thou shalt see a people, such as thou hast never seen before; to-day thou shalt enter a house, than which, thou hast never entered a narrower nor a darker. And the fourth Almalac comes when they put him in the grave, and says, Now, son of Adam, yesterday thou wert upon the face of the earth, blithe and joyous, to-day thou art in its bowels; a good day is to betide thee, if thou art in the grace of Allah, and an ill day will betide thee if thou art in the wrath of Allah. And the fifth Almalac comes when he is interred, and says, Now, son of Adam, to-day thou wilt be left alone, and though we were to remain with thee, we should profit thee nothing ****. To-day thou wilt be rejoicing in paradise, or tormented in the fire. These five Almalaques come by the command of Allah, to every person in the pass of death. Let us pray to Allah, that, through the mediation and merits of our prophet Mahom-

med, he may place us among his obedient servants, that we may be worthy to be safe from the terror of the grave, and of these five Almalaques, through his holy compassion and mercy. Amen.

For this was that most holy night, &c.—P. 130.

The night, Léileth-ul-cadr, is considered as being particularly consecrated to ineffable mysteries. There is a prevailing opinion, that a thousand secret and invisible prodigies are performed on this night; that all the inanimate beings then pay their adoration to God; that all the waters of the sea lose their saltness, and become fresh at these mysterious moments; that such, in fine, is its sanctity, that prayers said during this night, are equal in value to all those which can be said in a thousand successive months. It has not however pleased God, says the author of the celebrated theological work entitled *Ferkaan*, to reveal it to the faithful: no prophet, no saint, has been able to discover it; hence this night, so august, so mysterious, so favoured by Heaven, has hitherto remained undiscovered.—*D'Ohsson.*

They all hold, that some time on this night, the firmament opens for a moment or two, and the glory of God appears visible to the eyes of those who are so happy as to behold it; at which juncture, whatever is asked of God by the fortunate beholder of the mysteries of that critical minute, is infallibly granted. This sets many credulous and superstitious people upon the watch all night long, till the morning begins to dawn. It is my opinion, that they go on full as wise as they come off; I

mans, from standing confined for so many hours. Though many stories are told of people who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing that miraculous opening of the Heavens: of all which, few have had power to speak their mind, till it was too late, so great was their ecstacy. But one passage, pleasant enough, was once told me by a grave elderly gentlewoman at Constantina, in Barbary. There was, not many years before my time, said she, in this town, a Mahuta wench, belonging to such a great family, (running one of the best in the town) who being quite out of love with her woolly locks, and imagining that she wanted nothing to make her thought a pretty girl, but a good head of hair, took her supper in her hand presently after sun-set, and without letting any body into her secret, stole away, and shut herself up in the uppermost apartment in the house, and went upon the watch. She had the good fortune to direct her optics towards the right quarter, the patience to look so long and so steadfastly, till she plainly beheld the beams of celestial glory darting through the amazing chasm in the divided firmament, and the resolution to cry out, with all her might, *Ya Rabbi Kubber Rassi*; i. e. *O Lord, make my head big!* This expression is, figuratively, not improper to pray for a good head of hair. But unhappily for the poor girl, it seems God was pleased to take her words in the literal sense; for, early in the morning, the neighbours were disturbed by the terrible noise and bawling she made; and they were forced to hasten to her assistance with tools proper to break down the walls about her ears, in order to get her head in at the window, it being grown to a monstrous magnitude, bigger in circumference than se-

veral bushels; I dont remember exactly how many; nor am I certain whether she survived her misfortune or not.

Morgan. Note to Rabadan.

According to Francklin, it is believed, that whatever Moslem die during the month of Ramadan, will most assuredly enter into paradise, because the gates of Heaven then stand open, by command of God.

Tour from Bengal to Persia, p. 136.

During the *Asciur*, the ten days of festive ceremony for Hosein, the Persians believe that the gates of paradise are thrown open, and that all the Moslem who die, find immediate admittance.—*Pietro delle Valle.*

And the Good Angel that abandoned her, &c.—P. 140.

The Turks also acknowledge guardian angels, but in far greater number than we do; for they say, that God hath appointed threescore and ten angels, though they be invisible, for the guard of every *Musulman*, and nothing befals any body but what they attribute to them. They have all their several offices, one to guard one member, and another another; one to serve him in such an affair, and another in another. There are, among all these angels, two who are the dictators over the rest; they sit one on the right side, and the other on the left; these they call *Kerim Kiatib*, that is to say, the merciful scribes. He on the right side, writes down the good actions of the man whom he has in tuition, and the other, on the left hand, the bad. They are so merciful, that they spare him if he commit a sin before he goes to sleep, hoping he'll repent; and if he does not repent, they mark it down; if he does repent, thay write down, *Estig fourillah*, that is to say,

God pardons. They wait upon him in all places, except when he does his needs, where they let him go alone, staying for him at the door till he come out, and then they take him into possession again; wherefore, when the Turks go to the house-of-office, they put the left foot foremost, to the end the angel who registers their sins, may leave them first; and when they come out, they set the right foot before, that the angel who writes down their good works, may have them first under his protection.

Thevenot.

The Tenth Book.

And the Angel that was sent unto me said, Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High? .. Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am sent to shew thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee; whereof, if thou canst declare me one, I will shew thee also the way that thou desirest to see, and I shall shew thee from whence the wicked heart cometh. And I said, tell on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.

ESDRAS. ii. 4.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE TENTH BOOK.

Ere there was time for wonder or for fear,
The way was past, and once again they stood
Within the cavern of the blue-eyed witch.
Then came the weakness of her natural age
At once on Maimuna;
The burthen of her years
Fell on her, and she knew
That her repentance in the sight of God
Had now found favour, and her hour was come.
Her death was like the righteous; "Turn my face
"To Mecca!" in her languid eyes

The joy of certain hope
Lit a last lustre, and in death
The smile was on her cheek.

No faithful crowded round her bier,
No tongue reported her good deeds,
For her no mourners wail'd and wept,
No Iman o'er her perfum'd corpse,
For her soul's health inton'd the prayer;
No column rais'd by the way-side
Implor'd the passing traveller
To say a requiem for the dead.
Thalaba laid her in the snow,
And took his weapons from the hearth,
And then once more the youth began,
His weary way of solitude.

The breath of the East is in his face,
And it drives the sleet and the snow.
The air is keen, the wind is keen,
His limbs are aching with the cold,
His eyes are aching with the snow,
His very heart is cold,

is spirit chill'd within him. He looks on
If aught of life be near,
it all is sky, and the white wilderness,
nd here and there a solitary pine,
s branches broken by the weight of snow.
His pains abate, his senses dull
With suffering, cease to suffer.
Languidly, languidly,
Thalaba drags along,
A heavy weight is on his lids,
His limbs move slow with heaviness,
And he full fain would sleep.
Not yet, not yet, O Thalaba!
Thy hour of rest is come!
Not yet may the Destroyer sleep
The comfortable sleep!
His journey is not over yet,
His course not yet fulfill'd; ..
Run thou thy race, O Thalaba!
The prize is at the goal.

It was a Cedar-tree
hich woke him from that deadly drowsiness;

Its broad round-spreading branches, when they felt
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven,
And, standing in their strength erect,
Defied the baffled storm.
He knew the lesson Nature gave,
And he shook off his heaviness,
And hope reviv'd within him.

Now sunk the evening sun,
A broad, red, beamless orb,
Adown the glowing sky;
Through the red light the snow-flakes fell like fire.
Louder grows the biting wind,
And it drifts the dust of the snow.
The snow is clotted in his hair,
The breath of Thalaba
Is iced upon his lips.
He looks around, the darkness,
The dizzy floating of the feathery sky,
Close in his narrow view.

At length, through the thick atmosphere, a light
Not distant far appears.
He, doubting other w es of enmity,

With mingled joy, and quicker step,
Bends thitherward his way.

It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,
Amid a garden, whose delightful air
Was mild and fragrant, as the evening wind
Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves
Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of balm.
A Fount of Fire, that in the centre play'd,
Roll'd all around its wonderous rivulets,
And fed the garden with the heat of life.
Every where magic! the Arabian's heart
Yearn'd after human intercourse.
A light! .. the door unclos'd! ..
All silent .. he goes in.

There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch,
His step awoke her, and she gazed at him
With pleas'd and wondering look,
Fearlessly, like a yearling child,
Too ignorant to fear.
With words of courtesy,
The young intruder spake.

At the sound of his voice, a joy
Kindled her bright black eyes;
She rose, and took his hand,
But, at the touch, the joy forsook her cheek,
"Oh! it is cold!" she cried,
"I thought I should have felt it warm, like mine,
"But thou art like the rest!"

Thalaba stood mute a while,
And wondering at her words:
"Cold? Lady!" then he said; "I have travelled long
"In this cold wilderness,
"Till life is almost spent!"

LAILA.

Art thou a Man, then?

THALABA.

Nay . . I did not think
Sorrow and toil could so have altered me,
That I seem otherwise.

LAILA.

And thou canst be warm
Sometimes? life-warm as I am?

THALABA.

Surely, Lady,
As others are, I am, to heat and cold
Subject like all. You see a Traveller,
Bound upon hard adventure, who requests
Only to rest him here to-night, .. to-morrow
He will pursue his way.

LAILA.

Oh .. not to-morrow!
Not like a dream of joy, depart so soon!
And whither wouldst thou go? for all around
Is everlasting winter, ice, and snow,
Deserts unpassable of endless frost.

THALABA.

He who has led me here, will still sustain me
Through cold and hunger.

"Hunger?" Laila cried;
She clapt her lily hands,
And whether from above, or from below,
It came, sight could not see,
So suddenly the floor was spread with food.

LAILA.

Why dost thou watch with hesitating eyes
The banquet! 'tis for thee! I bade it come.

THALABA.

Whence came it?

LAILA.

Matters it from whence it came?
My father sent it: when I call, he hears.
Nay, .. thou hast fabled with me! and art like
The forms that wait upon my solitude,
Human to eye alone; .. thy hunger would not
Question so idly else.

THALABA.

I will not eat!
It came by magic! fool, to think that aught
But fraud and danger could await me here!
Let loose my cloak! ..

LAILA.

Begone then, insolent!
Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus?
Aye! watch the features well that threaten thee
With fraud and danger! in the wilderness
They shall avenge me, .. in the hour of want,

Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
How innocent I am:
And this remember'd cowardice and insult,
With a more painful shame will burn thy cheek,
Than now heats mine in anger!

THALABA.

Mark me, Lady!
Many and restless are my enemies;
My daily paths have been beset with snares
Till I have learnt suspicion, bitter sufferings
Teaching the needful vice. If I have wrong'd you, . .
And that should be the face of innocence, . .
I pray you pardon me! In the name of God, . .
And of his Prophet, I partake your food.

LAILA.

Lo, now! thou wert afraid of sorcery,
And yet hast said a charm!

THALABA.

A charm?

LAILA.

And wherefore? . .
Is it not delicate food? . . . what mean thy words?
I have heard many spells, and many names,

That rule the Genii and the Elements,
But never these.

THALABA.

How! never heard the names
Of God and of the Prophet?

LAILA.

Never . . . nay, now,
Again that troubled eye? . . thou art a strange man,
And wonderous fearful . . . but I must not twice
Be charged with fraud! if thou suspectest still,
Depart and leave me!

THALABA.

And you do not know
The God that made you?

LAILA.

Made me, man! . . my Father
Made me. He made this dwelling, and the grove,
And yonder fountain-fire; and every morn
He visits me, and takes the snow, and moulds
Women and men, like thee; and breathes into them
Motion, and life, and sense, . . but, to the touch,
They are chilling cold; and ever when night closes
They melt away again, and leave me here

Alone and sad. Oh then how I rejoice
When it is day, and my dear father comes
And cheers me with kind words, and kinder looks!
My dear, dear father! ... Were it not for him,
I am so weary of this loneliness,
That I should wish I also were of snow,
That I might melt away, and cease to be.

THALABA.

And have you always had your dwelling here,
Amid this solitude of snow?

LAILA.

I think so.
I can remember, with unsteady feet
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which, when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish,
I were the little trifler once again
Who could be pleased so lightly!

THALABA.

Then you know not
Your father's art?

LAILA.

No. I besought him once
To give me power like his, that where he went
I might go with him: but he shook his head,
And said, it was a power too dearly bought,
And kiss'd me with the tenderness of tears.

THALABA.

And wherefore hath he hidden you thus far
From all the ways of humankind?

LAILA.

'Twas fear,
Fatherly fear and love. He read the stars,
And saw a danger in my destiny,
And therefore placed me here amid the snows,
And laid a spell that never human eye,
If foot of man by chance should reach the depth
Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of grove,
Garden, or dwelling-place, or yonder fire,
That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky.
And, more than this, even if the enemy
Should come, I have a guardian here.

THALABA.

A guardian?

LAILA.

'Twas well, that when my sight unclos'd upon thee,
There was no dark suspicion in thy face,
Else I had called his succour! wilt thou see him?
But, if a woman can have terrified thee,
How wilt thou bear his unrelaxing brow,
And lifted lightnings?

THALABA.

Lead me to him, Lady!

She took him by the hand,
And through the porch they past.
Over the garden and the grove,
The fountain-streams of fire
Poured a broad light like noon;
A broad unnatural light,
Which made the rose's blush of beauty pale,
And dimm'd the rich geranium's scarlet blaze.
The various verdure of the grove
Now wore one undistinguishable grey,
Checquered with blacker shade.
Suddenly Laila stopt,
"I do not think thou art the enemy,"

She said, " but he will know !
" If thou hast meditated wrong,
" Stranger, depart in time. . .
" I would not lead thee to thy death !"

The glance of Laila's eye
Turn'd anxiously toward the Arabian youth.
" So let him pierce my heart," cried Thalaba,
" If it hide thought to harm you !"

LAILA.

'Tis a figure,
Almost I fear to look at ! .. yet come on:
'Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems
To sink my heart; and thou may'st dwell here then
In safety; .. for thou shalt not go to-morrow,
Nor on the after, nor the after day,
Nor ever ! It was only solitude
Which made my misery here, . .
And now, that I can see a human face,
And hear a human voice. . .
Oh no ! thou wilt not leave me !

THALABA.

Alas, I must not rest !

The star that ruled at my nativity,
Shone with a strange and blasting influence.
O gentle Lady! I should draw upon you
A killing curse!

LAILA.

But I will ask my father
To save you from all danger, and you know not
The wonders he can work; and when I ask,
It is not in his power to say me nay.
Perhaps thou knowest the happiness it is
To have a tender father?

THALABA.

He was one,
Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have tainted
With my contagious destiny. At evening
He kiss'd me as he wont, and laid his hands
Upon my head, and blest me ere I slept.
His dying groan awoke me, for the Murderer
Had stolen upon our sleep! ... For me was meant
The midnight blow of death; my father died;
The brother play-mates of my infancy,
The baby at the breast, they perished all, ..

All in that dreadful hour! ... but I was sav'd
To remember and revenge.

She answered not, for now,
Emerging from the o'er-arch'd avenue,
The finger of her uprais'd hand
Mark'd where the Guardian of the garden stood.
It was a brazen Image, every limb
And swelling vein and muscle, true to life:
The left knee bending on,
The other straight, firm planted, and his hand
Lifted on high to hurl
The lightning that it grasp'd.

When Thalaba approach'd,
The charmed image knew Hodeirah's son,
And hurl'd the lightning at the dreaded foe.
The Ring! the saviour Ring!
Full in his face the lightning-bolt was driven,
The scattered fire recoil'd.
Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt
Its ineffectual force,
His countenance was not changed,

Nor a hair of his head was singed.

He started, and his glance
Turn'd angrily upon the Maid.
The sight disarm'd suspicion; . . breathless, pale,
Against a tree she stood;
Her wan lips quivering, and her eye
Uprais'd, in silent supplicating fear.

She started with a scream of joy,
Seeing her father there,
And ran and threw her arms around his neck,
" Save me !" she cried, " the Enemy is come !
" Save me ! save me ! Okba !"

" Okba !" repeats the youth,
For never since that hour,
When in the Tent the Spirit told his name,
Had Thalaba let slip
The memory of his Father's murderer;
" Okba !" . . and in his hand
He grasp an arrow-shaft,
And he rush'd on to strike him.

"Son of Hodeirah!" the Old Man replied,
"My hour is not yet come,"
And putting forth his hand
Gently he repell'd the Youth.
"My hour is not yet come!
"But thou may'st shed this innocent Maiden's blood,
"That vengeance God allows thee!"

Around her Father's neck
Still Laila's hands were clasp'd.
Her face was turn'd to Thalaba,
A broad light floated o'er its marble paleness,
As the wind wav'd the fountain fire.
Her large dilated eye, in horror rais'd,
Watch'd every look and movement of the youth.
"Not upon her," said he,
"Not upon her, Hodeirah's blood cries out
"For vengeance!" and again his lifted arm
Threaten'd the Sorcerer,
Again withheld, it felt
The barrier that no human strength could burst.

"Thou dost not aim the blow more eagerly,"

Okba replied, " than I would rush to meet it!
" But that were poor revenge.
" O Thalaba, thy God
" Wreaks on the innocent head
" His vengeance; .. I must suffer in my child!
" Why dost thou pause to strike thy victim? Allah
" Permits, commands the deed."

" Liar!" quoth Thalaba.
And Laila's wondering eye
Looked up, all anguish, to her father's face.
" By Allah and the Prophet," he replied,
" I speak the words of truth.
" Misery, misery,
" That I must beg mine enemy to speed
" The inevitable vengeance now so near!
" I read it in her horoscope,
" Her birth-star warn'd me of Hodeirah's race.
" I laid a spell, and call'd a Spirit up.
" He answered, one must die,
" Laila or Thalaba...
" Accursed Spirit! even in truth
" Giving a lying hope!

" Last, I ascended the seventh Heaven,
" And, on the everlasting Table there,
" In characters of light,
" I read her written doom.
" The years that it has gnawn me! and the load
" Of sin that it has laid upon my soul!
" Curse on this hand, that in the only hour
" The favouring stars allow'd,
" Reek'd with other blood than thine.
" Still dost thou stand and gaze incredulous?
" Young man, be merciful, and keep her not
" Longer in agony!"

Thalaba's unbelieving frown
Scowl'd on the Sorcerer,
When in the air the rush of wings was heard,
And Azrael stood among them.
In equal terror, at the sight,
The Enchanter, the Destroyer stood,
And Laila, the victim maid.

" Son of Hodeirah!" said the Angel of Death,
" The accursed fables not.

" When, from the Eternal Hand, I took
" The yearly scroll of fate,
" Her name was written there; . .
Her leaf hath withered on the Tree of Life.
" This is the hour, and from thy hands
Commission'd to receive the Maid I come."

Hear me, O Angel!" Thalaba replied;
" To avenge my father's death,
" To work the will of Heaven,
To root from earth the accursed sorcerer race,
" I have dared danger undismay'd,
" I have lost all my soul held dear,
I am cut off from all the ties of life,
Unmurmuring. For whate'er awaits me still,
Pursuing to the end the enterprize,
Peril or pain, I bear a ready heart.
" But strike this Maid! this innocent! . . .
" Angel, I dare not do it."

Remember," answered Azrael, " all thou say'st
Is written down for judgment! every word
In the balance of thy trial must be weigh'd!"

" So be it!" said the Youth,
" He who can read the secrets of the heart,
" Will judge with righteousness!
" This is no doubtful path,
" The voice of God within me cannot lie...
" I will not harm the innocent."

He said, and from above,
As though it were the Voice of Night,
The startling answer came.
" Son of Hodeirah, think again!
" One must depart from hence,
" Laila, or Thalaba;
" She dies for thee, or thou for her,
" It must be life for life!
" Son of Hodeirah, weigh it well,
" While yet the choice is thine!"

He hesitated not,
But, looking upward, spread his hands to Heaven,
" Oneiza, in thy bower of Paradise,
" Receive me, still unstain'd!"

"What!" exclaim'd Okba, "darest thou disobey,
"Abandoning all claim
"To Allah's longer aid?"

The eager exultation of his speech
Earthward recall'd the thoughts of Thalaba.
"And dost thou triumph, Murderer? dost thou deem
"Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids
"Of Justice shall be closed upon thy crime?
"Poor, miserable man! that thou canst live
"With such beast-blindness in the present joy,
"When o'er thy head the sword of God
"Hangs for the certain stroke!"

"Servant of Allah, thou hast disobey'd,
"God hath abandon'd thee,
"This hour is mine!" cried Okba,
And shook his daughter off,
And drew the dagger from his vest,
And aim'd the deadly blow.

All was accomplish'd. Laila rush'd between,
To save the saviour Youth.

She met the blow, and sunk into his arms,
And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba,
Receiv'd her parting soul.

NOTES TO BOOK X.

No faithful crowded round her bier.—P. 170.

When any person is to be buried, it is usual to bring the corpse at mid-day, or afternoon prayers, to one or other of these Mosques, from whence it is accompanied by the greatest part of the congregation to the grave. Their processions, at these times, are not so slow and solemn as in most parts of Christendom; for the whole company make what haste they can, singing, as they go along, some select verses of their Koran. That absolute submission which they pay to the will of God, allows them not to use any consolatory words upon these occasions; no loss or misfortune is to be hereupon regretted or complained of: instead likewise of such expressions of sorrow and condolence, as may regard the deceased, the compliments turn upon the person who is the nearest concerned, a blessing (say his friends) be upon your head.

Shaw.

All Mahometans inter the dead at the hour set apart for prayer; the defunct is not kept in the house, except he expires after sunset; but the body is transported to the Mosque, whither it is carried by those who are going to prayer; each, from a spirit of devotion, is desirous to carry in his turn. Women regularly go on Friday to weep over, and pray at the sepulchres of the dead, whose memory they hold dear.—*Chenier.*

This custom of crowding about a funeral contributes to spread the plague in Turkey. It is not many years since, in some parts of Worcestershire, the mourners were accustomed to kneel with their heads upon the coffin during the burial service.

The fullest account of a Mohammedan funeral is in the *Lettres sur la Grece*, of M. Guys. Chance made him the spectator of a ceremony which the Moslem will not suffer an infidel to profane by his presence.

About ten in the morning, I saw the grave-digger at work; the slaves and the women of the family were seated in the burial-ground, many other women arrived, and then they all began to lament. After this prelude, they, one after the other, embraced one of the little pillars which are placed upon the graves, crying out, *Ogloum, ogloum, sæna Mussaphir gueldi,* My Son, my Son, a guest is coming to see thee. At these words, their tears and sobs began anew; but the storm did not continue long; they all seated themselves, and entered into conversation.

At noon I heard a confused noise, and cries of lamentation; it was the funeral which arrived. A Turk preceded it, bearing upon his head a small chest; four other Turks carried the bier upon their shoulders, then came

the father, the relations, and the friends of the dead, in great numbers. Their cries ceased at the entrance of the burial ground, but then they quarrelled—and for this: The man who bore the chest opened it, it was filled with copies of the Koran; a crowd of Turks, young and old, threw themselves upon the books, and scrambled for them. Those who succeeded, ranged themselves around the Iman, and all at once began to recite the Koran, almost as boys say their lesson. Each of the readers received ten parats, about fifteen sols, wrapt in paper. It was then for these fifteen pence, that these pious assistants had quarrelled, and in our own country you might have seen them fight for less.

The bier was placed by the grave, in which the gravedigger was still working, and perfumes were burnt by it. After the reading of the Koran, the Iman chanted some Arabic prayers, and his full-chant would, no doubt, have appeared to you, as it did to me, very ridiculous. All the Turks were standing; they held their hands open over the grave, and answered *Amen*, to all the prayers which the Iman addressed to God for the deceased.

The prayers finished, a large chest was brought, about six feet long, and three broad; its boards were very thick. The coffin is usually made of cypress; thus, literally, is verified the phrase of Horace, that the cypress is our last possession:

> Neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
> Te, præter invisas cupressus,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

The cemeteries of the Turks are usually planted with these trees, to which they have a religious attachment. The chest, which was in loose pieces, having been placed in the grave, the coffin was laid in it, and above, planks, with other pieces of wood. Then all the Turks, taking spades, cast earth upon the grave to cover it. This is a part of the ceremony at which all the bystanders assisted in their turn.

Before the corpse is buried, it is carried to the Mosque. Then, after having recited the *Fatka*, (a prayer very similar to our Lord's prayer, which is repeated by all present) the Iman asks the congregation, what they have to testify concerning the life and morals of the deceased? Each then, in his turn, relates those good actions with which he was acquainted. The body is then washed, and wrapped up like a mummy, so that it cannot be seen. Drugs and spices are placed in the bier with it, and it is carried to interment. Before it is lowered into the grave, the Iman commands silence, saying, " Cease your lamentations for a moment, and let me instruct this Moslem how to act, when he arrives in the other world." Then, in the ear of the corpse, he directs him how to answer the Evil Spirit, who will not fail to question him respecting his religion, &c. This lesson finished, he repeats the *Fatka*, with all the assistants, and the body is let down into the grave. After they have thrown earth three times upon the grave, as the Romans used, they retire. The Iman only remains, he approaches the grave, stoops down, inclines his ear, and listens to hear if the dead disputes when the Angel of Death comes to take him: then he bids him farewell; and in order to be well

paid, never fails to report to the family the best news of the dead.

As soon as the ceremony of interment is concluded, the Imaum, seated with his legs bent under his thighs, repeats a short prayer; he then calls the deceased three times by his name, mentioning also that of his mother, but without the smallest allusion to that of his father. What will be considered as infinitely more extraordinary is, that should the Imaum be ignorant of the name of the mother, it is usual for him to substitute that of Mary, in honour of the Virgin, provided the deceased be a male, and that of Eve, in case the deceased be a female, in honour of the common mother of mankind. This custom is so invariable, that even at the interment of the Sultans, it is not neglected; the Imaum calling out, Oh Mustaphah! Son of Mary! or, Oh Fatimah! Daughter of Eve!

Immediately afterwards, he repeats a prayer, called *Telkeen*, which consists of the following words: "Remember the moment of thy leaving the world, in making this profession of faith. Certainly there is no God but God. He is one, and there is no association in Him. Certainly Mohammed is the prophet of God. Certainly Paradise is real. Certainly the resurrection is real, it is indisputable. Certainly God will bring to life the dead, and make them leave their graves. Certainly thou hast acknowledged God for thy God; Islamism for thy religion; Mohammed for thy prophet; the Koran for thy priest; the sanctuary of Mecca for thy Kibla; and the faithful for thy brethren. God is my God; there is no other God but he. He is the master of the august and sacred throne of Heaven. O Mustaphah! (or any other

name) say that God is thy God (which the Imaum repeats thrice.) Say there is no other God but God (also repeated thrice.) Say that Mohammed is the prophet of God; that thy religion is Islam, and that thy prophet is Mohammed, upon whom be the blessing of salvation, and the mercy of the Lord. O God, do not abandon us." After this ejaculation, the ceremony is concluded by a chapter of the Koran, and the party returns home.

As soon as the grave was filled up, each friend planted a sprig of cypress on the right, and another on the left hand of the deceased, and then took his leave. This was to ascertain by their growth, whether the deceased would enjoy the happiness promised by Mahommed to all true believers, or whether he would for ever be denied the bliss of the Houris. The former would occur should the sprigs on the right hand take root, and the latter would be ascertained if the left only should flourish. If both succeeded, he would be greatly favoured in the next world; or, if both failed, he would be tormented by black angels, until, through the mediation of the prophet, he should be rescued from their persecutions.

The graves are not dug deep, but separated from each other carefully, that two bodies may not be placed together. The earth is raised, to prevent an unhallowed foot from treading upon it; and, instead of a plain flat stone being placed over it, one which is perforated in the centre is most commonly used, to allow of cypress trees, or odoriferous herbs, being planted immediately over the corpse. Occasionally a square stone, hollowed out, and without a cover, is preferred; which being filled with mould, the trees or herbs are cultivated in it.—*Griffiths.*

No column raised by the way side, &c.—P. 170.

The Turks bury not at all within the walls of the city, but the great Turkish Emperors themselves, with their wives and children about them, and some few other of their great Bassaes, and those only in chapels by themselves, built for that purpose. All the rest of the Turks are buried in the fields; some of the better sort, in tombs of marble; but the rest, with tomb-stones laid upon them, or with two great stones, one set up at the head, and the other at the feet of every grave; the greatest part of them being of white marble, brought from the Isle of Marmora.

They will not bury any man where another hath been buried, accounting it impiety to dig up another man's bones: by reason whereof, they cover all the best ground about the city with such great white stones; which, for the infinite number of them, are thought sufficient to make another wall about the city.—*Knolles.*

The Turks bury by the way-side, believing that the passengers will pray for the souls of the dead.—*Tavernier.*

His eyes are aching with the snow.—P. 170.

All that day we travelled over plains all covered with snow, as the day before; and indeed it is not only troublesome, but very dangerous, to travel through these deep snows. The mischief is, that the beams of the sun, which lie all day long upon it, molest the eyes and face with such a scorching heat, as very much weakens the sight, whatever remedy a man can apply, by wearing, as the

people of the country do, a thin handkerchief of green or black silk, which no way abates the annoyance.

Chardin.

When they have to travel many days through a country covered with snow, travellers, to preserve their sight, cover the face with a silk kerchief, made on purpose, like a sort of black crape. Others have large furred bonnets, bordered with goat skin, and the long goat-hair hanging over the face, is as serviceable as the crape.

Tavernier.

An Abyssinian historian says, that the village, called Zinzenam, *rain upon rain*, has its name from an extraordinary circumstance that once happened in these parts; for a shower of rain fell, which was not properly of the nature of rain, as it did not run upon the ground, but remained very light, having scarce the weight of feathers, of a beautiful white colour, like flour; it fell in showers, and occasioned a darkness in the air more than rain, and liker to mist. It covered the face of the whole country for several days, retaining its whiteness the whole time, then went away like dew, without leaving any smell, or unwholsome effect behind it.—*Bruce.*

So the Dutch were formerly expelled from an East Indian settlement, because their Consul, in narrating to the Prince of the country the wonders of Europe, chanced to say, that in his own country, water became a solid body once a-year, for some time; when men, or even horses, might pass over it without sinking. The Prince, in a rage, said, that he had hitherto listened to his tales with patience, but this was so palpable a lie, that he would

never more be connected with Europeans, who only could assert such monstrous falsehoods.

Its broad, round-spreading branches, when they fall, &c. P. 172.

A strange account of the cedars of Lebanon is given by De la Roque. *Voyage de Syrie et du Mont Liban*, 1722. "This little forest is composed of twenty cedars, of a prodigious size; so large indeed, that the finest planes, sycamores, and other large trees which we had seen, could not be compared with them. Besides these principal cedars, there were a great number of lesser ones, and some very small, mingled with the large trees, or in little clumps near them. They differed not in their foliage, which resembles the juniper, and is green throughout the year; but the great cedars spread at their summit, and form a perfect round, whereas the small ones rise in a pyramidal form like the cypress. Both diffuse the same pleasant odour; the large ones only yield fruit, a large cone, in shape almost like that of the pine, but of a browner colour, and compacter shell. It gives a very pleasant odour, and contains a sort of thick and transparent balm, which oozes out through small apertures, and falls drop by drop. This fruit, which it is difficult to separate from the stalk, contains a nut like that of the cypress; it grows at the end of the boughs, and turns its point upwards.

The nature of this tree is not to elevate its trunk, or the part between the root and the first branches; for the largest cedars which we saw, did not in the height of their trunks, exceed six or seven feet. From this low,

but enormously thick body, prodigious branches rise, spreading as they rise, and forming, by the disposition of their boughs and leaves, which point upward, a sort of wheel, which appears to be the work of art. The bark of the cedar, except at the trunk, is smooth and shining, of a brown colour. Its wood white and soft, immediately under the bark, but hard and red within, and very bitter, which renders it incorruptible, and almost immortal. A fragrant gum issues from the tree.

The largest cedar which we measured, was seven feet in circumference, wanting two inches; and the whole extent of its branches, which it was easy to measure, from their perfect roundness, formed a circumference of about 120 feet.

The Patriarch of the Maronites, fully persuaded of the rarity of these trees, and wishing, by the preservation of those that remain, to shew his respect for a forest so celebrated in Scripture, has pronounced canonical pains, and even excommunication, against any Christians who shall dare to cut them; scarcely will he permit a little to be sometimes taken for crucifixes and little tabernacles in the chapels of our missionaries.

The Maronites themselves have such a veneration for these cedars, that on the day of transfiguration, they celebrate the festival under them with great solemnity; the Patriarch officiates, and says mass pontifically; and, among other exercises of devotion, they particularly honour the Virgin Mary there, and sing her praises, because she is compared to the cedars of Lebanon, and Lebanon itself used as a metaphor for the mother of Christ.

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The Maronites say, that the snows have no sooner begun to fall, than these cedars, whose boughs in their infinite number, are all so equal in height, that they appear to have been shorn, and form, as we have said, a sort of wheel or parasol; than these cedars, I say, never fail at that time to change their figure. The branches which before spread themselves, rise insensibly, gathering together, it may be said, and turn their points upward towards Heaven, forming altogether a pyramid. It is Nature, they say, who inspires this movement, and makes them assume a new shape, without which these trees never could sustain the immense weight of snow remaining for so long a time.

I have procured more particular information of this fact, and it has been confirmed by the testimony of many persons, who have often witnessed it. This is what the secretary of the Maronite Patriarch wrote to me in one of his letters, which I think it right to give in his own words. *Cedri Libani quas plantavit Deus, ut Psalmista loquitur, sitæ sunt in planitie quâdam, aliquantulum infra altissimum Montis-Libani cacumen, ubi tempore hyemali maxima nivium quantitas descendit, tribusque et ultra, mensibus mordaciter dominatur. Cedri in altum ascendunt extensis tamen ramis in gyrum solo parallelis, conficientibus suo gyro fere umbellam solarem. Sed superveniente nive, quia coacervaretur in magnâ quantitate eos desuper, neque possent pati tantum pondus tanto tempore premens, sine certo fractionis discrimine, Natura, rerum omnium provida mater, ipsis concessit, ut adveniente hyeme et descendente nive, statim rami in altum assurgant, et secum invicem uniti constituant quasi conum, ut melius sese ab adveniente*

hoste tueantur. Naturâ enim ipsâ verum est, virtutem quamlibet unitam simul reddi fortiorem.

The cedars of Lebanon, which, as the Psalmist says, God himself planted, are situated in a little plain, somewhat below the loftiest summit of Mount Lebanon, where, in the winter, a great quantity of snow falls, and continues for three months, or longer. The cedars are high, but their boughs spread out parallel with the ground into a circle, forming almost a shield against the sun. But when the snow falls, which would be heaped upon them in so great a quantity, that they could not endure such a weight so long a time, without the certain danger of breaking; Nature, the provident mother of all, has endued them with power, that when the winter comes, and the snow descends, their boughs immediately rise, and uniting together, form a cone, that they may be the better defended from the coming enemy. For in Nature itself, it is true, that virtue as it is united, becomes stronger.

Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves, &c.—P. 173.

The coffee plant is about the size of the orange tree. The flower, in colour, size, and smell, resembles the white jessamine. The berry is first green, then red, in which ripe state it is gathered.

Olearius's description of coffee is amusing. "They drink a certain black water, which they call cahwa, made of a fruit brought out of Egypt, and which is in colour like ordinary wheat, and in taste like Turkish wheat, and is of the bigness of a little bean. They fry, or rather burn it in an iron pan, without any liquor, beat it to powder, and boiling it with fair water, they make this

drink thereof, which hath as it were the taste of a burnt crust, and is not pleasant to the palate.—*Amb. Travels.*

Pietro della Valle liked it better, and says he should introduce it into Italy. If, said he, it were drank with wine instead of water, I should think it is the Nepenthe, which, according to Homer, Helen brought from Egypt, for it is certain that coffee comes from that country; and as Nepenthe was said to assuage trouble and disquietude, so does this serve the Turks as an ordinary pastime, making them pass their hours in conversation, and occasioning pleasant discourse, which induces forgetfulness of care.

Fatherly fear and love. He reads the stars, &c.—P. 180.

It is well known how much the Orientalists are addicted to this pretended science. There is a curious instance of public folly in Sir John Chardin's Travels.

"Sephie-Mirza was born in the year of the *Egire* 1057. For the superstition of the Persians will not let us know the month or the day. Their addiction to astrology is such, that they carefully conceal the moments of their princes' birth, to prevent the casting their nativities, where they might meet perhaps with something which they should be unwilling to know."

At the coronation of this prince, two astrologers were to be present, with an astrolabe in their hands, to take the fortunate hour, as they term it, and observe the lucky moments that a happy constellation should point out for proceedings of that importance.

Sephie-Mirza having by debauchery materially injured his health, the chief physician was greatly alarmed, "in regard his life depended upon the king's, or if his life

were spared, yet he was sure to lose his estate and his liberty, as happens to all those who attend the Asiatic Sovereigns, when they die under their care. The queen mother too accused him of treason or ignorance, believing that since he was her son's physician, he was obliged to cure him. This made the physician at his wits end, so that all his receipts failing him, he bethought himself of one that was peculiarly his own invention, and which few physicians would ever have found out, as not being to be met with neither in Galen nor Hippocrates. What does he then do, but out of an extraordinary fetch of his wit, he begins to lay the fault upon the stars and the king's astrologers, crying out, that they were altogether in the wrong. That if the king lay in a languishing condition, and could not recover his health, it was because they had failed to observe the happy hour, or the aspect of a fortunate constellation at the time of his coronation." The stratagem succeeded, the king was recrowned, and by the new name of Solyman!—*Chardin.*

It was a brazen image, every limb, &c.—P. 184.

We have now to refute their error, who are persuaded that brazen heads, made under certain constellations, may give answers, and be as it were guides and counsellors, upon all occasions, to those that had them in their possession. Among these is one Yepes, who affirms, that Henry de Villena made such a one at Madrid, broken to pieces afterwards by order of John II., king of Castile. The same thing is affirmed by Bartholomew Sibillus, and the author of the *Image of the World*, of Virgil; by William of Malmsbury, of Sylvester; by John Gower, of Robert of Lincoln; by the common people of England, of

of Roger Bacon; and by Tostatus, bishop of Avila, George of Venice, Delrio, Sibillus, Ragusæus, Delancre, and others, too many to mention, of Albertus Magnus; who, as the most expert, had made an entire man of the same metal, and had spent thirty years without any interruption in forming him under several aspects and constellations. For example, he formed the eyes, according to the said Tostatus, in his Commentaries upon Exodus, when the sun was in a sign of the Zodiac, correspondent to that part, casting them out of divers metals mixt together, and marked with the characters of the same signs and planets, and their several and necessary aspects. The same method he observed in the head, neck, shoulders, thighs, and legs, all which were fashioned at several times, and being put and fastened together in the form of a man, had the faculty to reveal to the said Albertus the solutions of all his principal difficulties. To which they add, (that nothing be lost of the story of the statue) that it was battered to pieces by St Thomas, merely because he could not endure its excess of prating.

But, to give a more rational account of this Androides of Albertus, as also of all these miraculous heads, I conceive the original of this fable may well be deduced from the Teraph of the Hebrews, by which, as Mr Selden affirms, many are of opinion, that we must understand what is said in Genesis concerning Laban's Gods, and in the first book of Kings concerning the image which Michol put into the bed in David's place. For R. Eleazar holds, that it was made of the head of a male child, the first-born, and that dead born, under whose tongue they applied a lamen of gold, whereon were engraved the

characters and inscriptions of certain planets, which the Jews superstitiously wandered up and down with, instead of the Urim and Thummim, or the Ephod of the high-priest. And that this original is true and well deduced, there is a manifest indicium, in that Henry D'Assia, and Bartholomæus Sibillus affirm, that the Androides of Albertus, and the head made by Virgil, were composed of flesh and bone, yet not by nature, but by art. But this being judged impossible by modern authors, and the vertue of images, annulets, and planetary Sigills, being in great reputation, men have thought ever since, (taking their opinion from Trismegistus affirming in his Asclepios, that of the gods, some were made by the Soveraign God, and others by men, who, by some art, had the power to unite the invisible spirits to things visible and corporeal, as is explained at large by St Augustine) that such figures were made of copper or some other metal, whereon men had wrought under some favourable aspects of Heaven and the planets.

My design is not absolutely to deny that he might compose some head or statue of man, like that of Memnon, from which proceeded a small sound and pleasant noise, when the rising sun came by his heat to rarify and force out, by certain small conduits, the air which, in the cold of the night, was condensed within it. Or haply, they might be like those statues of Boetius, whereof Cassiodorus speaking, said, *Metalla mugiunt Diomedis in ære grues buccinant, æneus anguis insibilat, aves simulatæ fritinniunt, et quæ propriam vocem nesciunt, ab ære dulcedinem probantur emittere cantilenæ;* for such I doubt not but may

be made by the help of that part of natural magic which depends on the mathematics.—*Davies's History of Magic.*

And on the everlasting Table there, &c.—P. 188.

This table is suspended in the Seventh Heaven, and guarded from the Demons, lest they should change or corrupt any thing thereon. Its length is so great as is the space between Heaven and earth, its breadth equal to the distance from the east to the west, and it is made of one pearl. The divine pen was created by the finger of God; that also is of pearls, and of such length and breadth, that a swift horse could scarcely gallop round it in five hundred years. It is so endowed, that self-moved it writes all things, past, present, and to come. Light is its ink, and the language which it uses, only the Angel Seraphael understands.—*Maracci.*

The yearly scroll of fate, &c.—P. 189.

They celebrate the night Léîleth-ul-berneth, on the 15th of the month of Schabann, with great apprehension and terror, because they consider it as the tremendous night on which the angels Kiramenn-keatibinn, placed on each side of mankind, to write down their good and bad actions, deliver up their books, and receive fresh ones for the continuance of the same employment. It is believed also, that on that night, the archangel Azrail, the angel of death, gives up also his records, and receives another book, in which are written the names of all those destined to die in the following year.—*D'Ohsson.*

Her leaf hath withered on the tree of life.—P. 189.

Here, in the Fourth Heaven, I beheld a most prodigi-

ous angel, of an admirable presence and aspect, in whose awful countenance there appeared neither mirth nor sorrow, but an undescribable mixture of both. He neither smiled in my face, nor did he, indeed, scarce turn his eyes towards me to look upon me, as all the rest did, yet he returned my salutation after a very courteous obliging manner, and said, "Welcome to these mansions, O Mahomet; thou art the person whom the Almighty hath endowed with all the united perfections of nature; and upon whom he, of his immense goodness, hath been pleased to bestow the utmost of his divine graces."

There stood before him a most beautiful table, of a vast magnitude and extent, written all over, almost from the top to the bottom, in a very close, and scarce distinguishable character, upon which written table his eyes were continually fixed; and so exceedingly intent he was upon that his occupation, that, though I stood stedfastly observing his countenance, I could not perceive his eyelids once to move. Casting my eyes towards the left side of him, I beheld a prodigious large shady tree, the leaves whereof were as innumerable as the sands of the ocean, and upon every one of which were certain characters inscribed. Being extremely desirous of knowing the secret of this wonderful mystery, I enquired of Gabriel the meaning of what I was examining with my eyes with so anxious a curiosity. The obliging angel, to satisfy my longing, said, That person, concerning whom thou art so very inquisitive, is the redoubtable *Azarael*, the Angel of Death, who was never yet known either to laugh, smile, or be merry; for, depend upon it, my beloved Mahomet, had he been capable of smiling, or looking pleasant upon

any creature in nature, it would assuredly have been upon thee alone. This table, upon which thou beholdest him so attentively fixing his looks, is called *El Lough El Mahofoud*, and is the register upon which are engraven the names of every individual soul breathing; and, notwithstanding the inspection of that register taketh up the greatest part of his time, yet he more particularly looketh it all over five times a-day, which are at those very same instants wherein the true believers are obliged to offer up their adorations to our Omnipotent Lord. The means whereby he understandeth when the thread of each individual life is run out and expired, is to look upon the branches of that vast tree thou there beholdest, upon the leaves whereof are written the names of all mortals, every one having his peculiar leaf: there, forty days before the time of any person's life is expired, his respective leaf beginning to fade, wither, and grow dry, and the letters of his name to disappear; at the end of the fortieth day, they are quite blotted out, and the leaf falleth to the ground, by which *Asarael* certainly knoweth that the breath of its owner is ready to leave the body, and hasteneth away to take possession of the departing soul.

The size or stature of this formidable angel was so incomprehensibly stupendous, so unmeasurably great, that if this earthly globe of ours, with all that is thereon contained, were to be placed in the palm of his hand, it would seem no more than one single grain of mustard-seed (though the smallest of all seeds) would do, if laid upon the surface of the earth.—*Rabadan.*

In the balance of thy trial must be weigh'd!—P. 189.

The balance of the dead is an article in almost every

creed. Mahommed borrowed it from the Persians. I know not from whence the Monks introduced it; probably they were ignorant enough to have invented the obvious fiction.

In the Vision of Thurcillus, the ceremony is accurately described. "At the end of the north wall, within the church, sate St Paul, and opposite him, without, was the devil and his angels. At the feet of the devil, a burning pit flamed up, which was the mouth of the pit of hell. A balance, equally poised, was fixed upon the wall, between the devil and the apostle, one scale hanging before each. The apostle had two weights, a greater and a less, all shining, and like gold, and the devil also had two smoky and black ones. Therefore, the souls that were all black, came one after another, with great fear and trembling, to behold the weighing of their good and evil works; for these weights weighed the works of all the souls, according to the good or evil which they had done. When the scale inclined to the apostle, he took the soul, and introduced it through the eastern gate, into the fire of Purgatory, that there it might expiate its crimes. But when the scale inclined and sunk towards the devil, then he and his angels snatched the soul, miserably howling and cursing the father and mother that begot it to eternal torments, and cast it with laughter and grinning into the deep and fiery pit which was at the feet of the devil. Of this balance of good and evil, much may be found in the writings of the Holy Fathers."

Matthew Paris.

"Concerning the salvation of Charlemagne, archbishop Turpin, a man of holy life, wrote thus: "I, Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, being in my chamber, in the

city of Vienna, saying my prayers, saw a legion of devils in the air, who were making a great noise. I adjured one of them to tell me from whence they came, and wherefore they made so great an uproar. And he replied, that they came from Aix la Chapelle, where a great lord had died, and that they were returning in anger, because they had not been able to carry away his soul. I asked him who the great lord was, and why they had not been able to carry away his soul? He replied that it was Charlemagne, and that Santiago had been greatly against them. And I asked him how Santiago had been against them? and he replied, we were weighing the good and the evil which he had done in this world, and Santiago brought so much timber, and so many stones from the churches which he had founded in his name, that they greatly over-balanced all his evil works; and so we had no power over his soul. And having said this, the devil disappeared."

We must understand from this vision of Archbishop Turpin, that they who build or repair churches in this world, erect resting places and inns for their salvation.

Historia do Imperador Carlos Magno, et dos Doze Pares de França.

Two other corollaries follow from the vision. The devil's way home from Aix la Chapelle lay through Vienna; and as churches go by weight, an architect of Sir John Vanbrugh's school should always be employed.

This balance of the dead was an easy and apt metaphor, but clumsily imagined as an actual mode of trial;

"For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
"And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;

" Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise:
" Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow:
" But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
" Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall."

Spenser.

And Israel from the hands of Thalaba, &c.—P. 192.

This double meaning is in the spirit of oracular prediction. The classical reader will remember the equivocations of Apollo. The fable of the Young Man and the Lion in the Tapestry will be more generally recollected. We have many buildings in England to which this story has been applied. Cook's Folly, near Bristol, derives its name from a similar tradition.

The History of the Buccaneers affords a remarkable instance of prophecy occasioning its own accomplishment.

" Before my first going over into the *South-Seas* with Captain *Sharp* (and indeed before any privateers, at least since *Drake* and *Oxengham*) had gone that way which we afterwards went, except *La Sound*, a *French* captain, who, by Captain *Wright's* instructions, had ventured as far as *Cheapo* town with a body of men, but was driven back again; I being then on board Captain *Coxon*, in company with three or four more privateers, about four leagues to the east of *Portobel*, we took the packets bound thither from *Carthagena*. We opened a great quantity of the merchant's letters, and found the contents of many of them to be very surprising; the merchants of several parts of *Old-Spain* thereby informing their cor-

respondents of *Panama*, and elsewhere, of a certain prophecy that went about *Spain* that year, the tenor of which was, *that there would be* English *privateers that year in the* West Indies, *who would make such great discoveries, as to open a door into the* South-Seas, which they supposed was fastest shut; and the letters were accordingly full of cautions to their friends to be very watchful and careful of their coasts.

This door they spake of, we all concluded must be the passage over-land through the country of the *Indians* of *Darien*, who were a little before this become our friends, and had lately fallen out with the *Spaniards*, breaking off the intercourse which for some time they had with them. And upon calling also to mind the frequent invitations we had from those Indians a little before this time, to pass through their country, and fall upon the *Spaniards* in the *South-Seas*, we from henceforward began to entertain such thoughts in earnest, and soon came to a resolution to make those attempts which we afterwards did with Captains *Sharp*, *Coxon*, &c. So that the taking these letters gave the first life to those bold undertakings; and we took the advantage of the fears the *Spaniards* were in from that prophecy, or probable conjecture, or whatever it were; for we sealed up most of the letters again, and sent them ashore to *Portobel.*—*Dampier.*

The Eleventh Book.

Those, Sir, that traffick in these seas,
Fraught not their bark with fears.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD. BLIND LADY.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

O FOOL, to think thy human hand
Could check the chariot-wheels of Destiny!
To dream of weakness in the all-knowing Mind,
That his decrees should change!
To hope that the united Powers
Of Earth, and Air, and Hell,
Might blot one letter from the Book of Fate,
Might break one link of the eternal chain!
Thou miserable, wicked, poor old man,
Fall now upon the body of thy child,
Beat now thy breast, and pluck the bleeding hairs

From thy grey beard, and lay
Thine ineffectual hand to close her wound,
And call on Hell to aid,
And call on Heaven to send
Its merciful thunderbolt!

The young Arabian silently
Beheld his frantic grief.
The presence of the hated youth
To raging anguish stung
The wretched Sorcerer.
"Aye! look and triumph!" he exclaim'd,
"This is the justice of thy God!
"A righteous God is he, to let
"His vengeance fall upon the innocent head!..
"Curse thee, curse thee, Thalaba!"

All feelings of revenge
Had left Hodeirah's son.
Pitying and silently he heard
The victim of his own iniquities;
Not with the busy hand

Of Consolation, fretting the sore wound
He could not hope to heal.

So as the Servant of the Prophet stood,
With sudden motion the night air
Gently fann'd his cheek.
'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings
Had waved the quiet air.
On the hand of Thalaba
The Green Bird perch'd, and turn'd
A mild eye up, as if to win
The Adventurer's confidence.
Then, springing on, flew forward,
And now again returns
To court him to the way;
And now his hand perceives
Her rosy feet press firmer, as she leaps
Upon the wing again.

Obedient to the call,
By the pale moonlight, Thalaba pursued,
O'er trackless snows, his way;
Unknowing he what blessed messenger

Had come to guide his steps,
That Laila's Spirit went before his path.
Brought up in darkness, and the child of sin,
Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence,
Just Heaven permitted her by one good deed
To work her own redemption, after death;
So, till the judgment day,
She might abide in bliss,
Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

The morning sun came forth,
Wakening no eye to life
In this wide solitude;
His radiance, with a saffron hue, like heat,
Suffus'd the desert snow.
The Green Bird guided Thalaba;
Now oaring with slow wing her upward way;
Descending now in slant descent
On out-spread pinions motionless;
Floating now, with rise and fall alternate,
As if the billows of the air
Heav'd her with their sink and swell.

And when, beneath the noon,
The icey glitter of the snow
Dazzled his aching sight,
Then, on his arm alighted the Green Bird,
And spread before his eyes
Her plumage of refreshing hue.
Evening came on; the glowing clouds
Tinged with a purple ray the mountain ridge
That lay before the Traveller.
Ah! whither art thou gone,
Guide and companion of the youth, whose eye
Has lost thee in the depth of Heaven?
Why hast thou left alone
The weary wanderer in the wilderness?
And now the western clouds grow pale,
And night descends upon his solitude.

The Arabian youth knelt down,
And bow'd his forehead to the ground,
And made his evening prayer.
When he arose, the stars were bright in heaven,
The sky was blue, and the cold Moon
Shone over the cold snow.

A speck in the air!
Is it his guide that approaches?
For it moves with the motion of life!
Lo! she returns, and scatters from her pinions
Odours diviner than the gales of morning
Waft from Sabea.

Hovering before the youth she hung,
Till, from her rosy feet, that at his touch
Uncurl'd their grasp, he took
The fruitful bough they bore.
He took and tasted, a new life
Flow'd through his renovated frame;
His limbs, that late were sore and stiff,
Felt all the freshness of repose;
His dizzy brain was calm'd,
The heavy aching of his lids
At once was taken off;
For Laila, from the Bowers of Paradise,
Had borne the healing fruit.

So up the mountain steep,
With untir'd foot he past,

The Green Bird guiding him,
Mid crags, and ice, and rocks,
A difficult way, winding the long ascent.
How then the heart of Thalaba rejoiced
When bosom'd in the mountain depths,
A shelter'd Valley open'd on his view!
It was the Simorg's vale,
The dwelling of the ancient Bird.

On a green and mossy bank,
Beside a rivulet,
The Bird of Ages stood.
No sound intruded on his solitude,
Only the rivulet was heard,
Whose everlasting flow,
From the birth-day of the world, had made
The same unvaried murmuring.
Here dwelt the all-knowing Bird
In deep tranquillity,
His eye-lids ever clos'd
In full enjoyment of profound repose.

Reverently the youth approach'd

That old and only Bird,
And crost his arms upon his breast,
And bow'd his head, and spake.
" Earliest of existing things,
" Earliest thou, and wisest thou,
" Guide me, guide me, on my way!
" I am bound to seek the caverns
" Underneath the roots of Ocean,
" Where the Sorcerer brood are nurst.
" Thou the eldest, thou the wisest,
" Guide me, guide me, on my way!"

The ancient Simorg on the youth
Unclos'd his thoughtful eyes,
And answer'd to his prayer.
" Northward by the stream proceed,
" In the fountain of the rock
" Wash away thy worldly stains,
" Kneel thou there, and seek the Lord,
" And fortify thy soul with prayer.
" Thus prepar'd, ascend the Sledge,
" Be bold, be wary, seek and find!
" God hath appointed all."

The ancient Simorg then let fall his lids,
Returning to repose.

Northward, along the rivulet,
The adventurer went his way,
Tracing its waters upward to their source.
Green Bird of Paradise,
Thou hast not left the youth; ..
With slow associate flight
She companies his way,
And now they reach the fountain of the rock.

There, in the cold clear well,
Thalaba wash'd away his earthly stains,
And bow'd his face before the Lord,
And fortified his soul with prayer.
The while, upon the rock,
Stood the celestial Bird,
And, pondering all the perils he must pass,
With a mild melancholy eye,
Beheld the youth belov'd.

And lo! beneath yon lonely pine, the sledge ..

And there they stand, the harness'd Dogs,
Their wide eyes watching for the youth,
Their ears erected, turn'd towards his way.
They were lean, as lean might be,
Their furrowed ribs rise prominent,
And they were black from head to foot,
Save a white line on every breast,
Curv'd like the crescent moon.
And he is seated in the sledge,
His arms are folded on his breast,
The Bird is on his knees;
There is fear in the eyes of the Dogs,
There is fear in their pitiful moan,
And now they turn their heads,
And seeing him there, away!

The Youth, with the start of their speed,
Falls back to the bar of the sledge,
His hair floats straight in the stream of the wind,
Like the weeds in the running brook.
They wind with speed the upward way,
An icey path through rocks of ice;
His eye is at the summit now,
And thus far all is dangerless;

And now upon the height
The black Dogs pause and pant;
They turn their eyes to Thalaba,
As if to plead for pity;
They moan, and moan with fear.

Once more away! and now
The long descent is seen,
A long, long, narrow path.
Ice-rocks aright, and hills of snow,
Aleft the giddy precipice.
Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba!
One motion now, one bend,
And on the crags below
hy shatter'd flesh will harden in the frost.
Why howl the Dogs so mournfully?
And wherefore does the blood flow fast
All purple o'er their sable hair?
His arms are folded on his breast,
Nor scourge nor goad hath he,
No hand appears to strike,
No sounding lash is heard:
But piteously they moan, and moan,

And track their way with blood.

And lo! on yonder height,
A giant Fiend aloft,
Waits to thrust down the tottering avalanch!
If Thalaba looks back, he dies;
The motion of fear is death.
On .. on .. with swift and steady pace,
Adown that dreadful way!
The youth is firm, the Dogs are fleet,
The Sledge goes rapidly,
The thunder of the avalanch
Re-echoes far behind.
On .. on .. with swift and steady pace
Adown that dreadful way!
The Dogs are fleet, the way is steep,
The Sledge goes rapidly,
They reach the plain below.

A wide, wide plain, all desolate,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!
On go the Dogs with rapid step,
The Sledge slides after rapidly,

And now the Sun went down.
They stopt and look'd at Thalaba,
The Youth perform'd his prayer;
They knelt beside him as he pray'd,
They turn'd their heads to Mecca,
And tears ran down their cheeks.
Then down they laid them in the snow,
As close as they could lie,
They laid them down and slept.
And backward in the sledge,
The Adventurer laid himself,
There peacefully slept Thalaba,
And the Green Bird of Paradise
Lay nestling in his breast.

The Dogs awoke him at the dawn,
They knelt and wept again;
Then rapidly they journey'd on,
And still the plain was desolate,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!
And ever at the hour of prayer,
They stopt, and knelt, and wept;
And still that green and graceful Bird

Was as a friend to him by day,
And, ever when at night he slept,
Lay nestling in his breast.
In that most utter solitude,
It cheer'd his heart to hear
Her soft and soothing voice;
Her voice was soft and sweet,
It swell'd not with the blackbird's thrill,
Nor warbled rich like the dear bird, that holds
The solitary man,
A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve
But if no overflowing joy
Spake in its tones of tenderness,
They sooth'd the soften'd soul.
Her bill was not the beak of blood:
There was a human meaning in her eye;
Its mild affection fix'd on Thalaba,
Woke wonder while he gaz'd,
And made her dearer for the mystery.

Oh joy! the signs of life appear,
The first and single Fir
That on the limits of the living world

Strikes in the ice its roots.
Another, and another now;
And now the Larch, that flings its arms
Down-curving like the falling wave;
And now the Aspin's scatter'd leaves
Grey glitter on the moveless twig;
The Poplar's varying verdure now,
And now the Birch so beautiful,
Light as a Lady's plumes.
Oh joy! the signs of life! the Deer
Hath left his slot beside the way;
The little Ermine now is seen
White wanderer of the snow;
And now, from yonder pines they hear
The clatter of the Grouse's wings:
And now the snowy Owl pursues
The Traveller's sledge, in hope of food;
And hark! the rosy-breasted bird,
The Throstle of sweet song!
Joy! joy! the winter-wilds are left!
Green bushes now, and greener grass,
Red thickets here, all berry-bright,
And here the lovely flowers!

When the last morning of their way arrived,
After the early prayer,
The Green Bird fix'd on Thalaba
A sad and supplicating eye,
And with a human voice she spake,
" Servant of God, I leave thee now.
" If rightly I have guided thee,
" Give me the boon I beg!"

" O gentle Bird!" quoth Thalaba,
" Guide and companion of my dangerous way,
" Friend and sole solace of my solitude,
" How can I pay thee benefits like these!
" Ask what thou wilt that I can give,
" O gentle Bird, the poor return
" Will leave me debtor still!"

" Son of Hodeirah!" she replied,
" When thou shalt see an Old Man crush'd beneath
" The burthen of his earthly punishment,
" Forgive him, Thalaba!
" Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf!"

A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's cheek,
He turn'd his eye towards the Bird
As if in half repentance; for he thought
Of Okba; and his Father's dying groan
Came on his memory. The celestial Bird
Saw and renew'd her speech.
" O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms
" Receiv'd the dagger-blow, and died for thee,
" Deserve one kind remembrance, .. save, O save
" The Father that she lov'd, from endless death!"

" Laila! and is it thou?" the youth replied.
" What is there that I durst refuse to thee?
" This is no time to harbour in my heart
" One evil thought; .. here I put off revenge,
" The last rebellious feeling... Be it so!
" God grant to me the pardon that I need,
" As I do pardon him! ...
" But who am I, that I should save
" The sinful soul alive?"

" Enough!" said Laila. " When the hour shall come,
" Remember me! my task is done.

" We meet again in Paradise !"
She said, and shook her wings, and up she soar'd
With arrow-swiftness through the heights of Heaven.

His aching eye pursued her path,
When starting onward went the Dogs,
More rapidly they hurried on,
In hope of near repose.
It was the early morning yet,
When, by the well-head of a brook
They stopt, their journey done.
The spring was clear, the water deep,
A venturous man were he, and rash,
That should have probed its depths,
For all its loosen'd bed below,
Heav'd strangely up and down,
And to and fro, from side to side,
It heav'd, and wav'd, and tost,
And yet the depths were clear,
And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er
The face of that fair Well.

And on that Well, so strange and fair,

A little boat there lay,
Without an oar, without a sail;
One only seat it had, one seat,
As if for only Thalaba.
And at the helm a Damsel stood,
A Damsel bright and bold of eye,
Yet did a maiden modesty
Adorn her fearless brow.
Her face was sorrowful, but sure
More beautiful for sorrow.
To her the Dogs look'd wistful up,
And then their tongues were loos'd,
"Have we done well, O Mistress dear!
"And shall our sufferings end?"

The gentle Damsel made reply,
"Poor Servants of the God I serve,
"When all this witchery is destroy'd,
"Your woes will end with mine.
"A hope, alas! how long unknown!
"This new adventurer gives:
"Now, God forbid, that he, like you,
"Should perish for his fears!

" Poor Servants of the God I serve,
" Wait ye the event in peace."
A deep and total slumber as she spake
Seiz'd them. Sleep on, poor sufferers! be at rest!
Ye wake no more to anguish; . . ye have borne
The Chosen, the Destroyer! . . soon his hand
Shall strike the efficient blow;
Soon shaking off your penal forms, shall ye,
With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves,
Hymn the Deliverer's praise!

Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,
" The morn is young, the Sun is fair,
" And pleasantly, through pleasant banks,
" The quiet brook flows on . .
" Wilt thou embark with me?
" Thou knowest not the water's way,
" Think, Stranger, well! and night must come, . .
" Wilt thou embark with me?
" Through fearful perils thou must pass, . .
" Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid!
" Thou wilt embark with me!"

She smil'd in tears upon the youth, . .
What heart were his, who could gainsay
That melancholy smile?
" Sail on, sail on," quoth Thalaba,
" Sail on, in Allah's name!"

He sate him on the single seat,
The little boat mov'd on.
Through pleasant banks the quiet brook
Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir groves now it past,
And now, through alder-shores,
Through green and fertile meadows now
It silently ran by.
The flag-flower blossom'd on its side,
The willow tresses wav'd,
The flowing current furrow'd round
The water-lily's floating leaf,
The fly of green and gauzy wing,
Fell sporting down its course.
And grateful to the voyager,
The freshness of the running stream,
The murmur round the prow.

The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the rapid brook.

But many a silent spring meantime,
And many a rivulet and rill
Had swoln the growing brook;
And when the southern Sun began
To wind the downward way of heaven,
It ran a river deep and wide,
Through banks that widen'd still.
Then once again the Damsel spake,
"'The stream is strong, the river broad,
"Wilt thou go on with me?
"The day is fair, but night must come . .
"Wilt thou go on with me?
"Far, far away, the sufferer's eye
"For thee hath long been looking, . .
"Thou wilt go on with me!"
"Sail on, sail on," quoth Thalaba,
"Sail on, in Allah's name!"
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the river-stream.

A broader and a broader stream,
That rock'd the little boat!
The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half open'd to the wind.
The Sun goes down, the crescent Moon
Is brightening in the firmament;
And what is yonder roar,
That sinking now, and swelling now,
But roaring, roaring still,
Still louder, louder, grows?
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the rapid tide,
The Moon is bright above,
And the wide Ocean opens on their way.

Then did the Damsel speak again,
"Wilt thou go on with me?
"The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
"And I know well the ocean-paths; . .
"Wilt thou go on with me? . .
"Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!
"Thou wilt go on with me!"

"Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba,
"Sail on, in Allah's name!"

The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
The little boat rides rapidly
Across the ocean waves;
The line of moonlight on the deep,
Still follows as they voyage on;
The winds are motionless;
The gentle waters gently part
In murmurs round the prow.
He looks above, he looks around,
The boundless heaven, the boundless sea,
The crescent moon, the little boat,
Nought else above, below.

The Moon is sunk, a dusky grey
Spreads o'er the Eastern sky,
The Stars grow pale and paler;..
Oh beautiful! the godlike Sun
Is rising o'er the sea!
Without an oar, without a sail,
The little boat rides rapidly;..

Is that a cloud that skirts the sea?
There is no cloud in heaven!
And nearer now, and darker now . .
It is . . it is . . the Land!
For yonder are the rocks that rise
Dark in the reddening morn,
For loud around their hollow base
The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,
And now with shorter toss it heaves
Upon the heavier swell;
And now so near, they see
The shelves and shadows of the cliff,
And the low-lurking rocks,
O'er whose black summits, hidden-half,
The shivering billows burst; . .
And nearer now they feel the breaker's spray.
Then spake the Damsel, "yonder is our path
"Beneath the cavern arch.
"Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,
"We cannot over-ride the rocks.
"Go thou, and on the shore

XI. 244

" Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer
" Strengthen thy heart .. I too have need to pray."

She held the helm with steady hand
Amid the stronger waves;
Through surge and surf she drove,
The adventurer leapt to land.

NOTES TO BOOK XI.

[*Green Warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.*—P. 222.

The souls of the blessed are supposed by some of the Mahommedans to animate green birds in the groves of paradise. Was this opinion invented to conciliate the Pagan Arabs, who believed, that of the blood near the dead person's brain was formed a bird named Hamah, which once in a hundred years visited the sepulchre?

To this there is an allusion in the Moallakat. "Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull."

Poem of Antara.

In the Bahar-Danush, parrots are called the green-vested resemblers of Heaven's dwellers. The following passages in the same work may, perhaps, allude to the same superstition, or perhaps are merely metaphorical, in the usual style of its true oriental bombast. "The bird

had taken it on account of its excellence, and Ali gave her her liberty. The pomegranates were from paradise; Hosein was cured of his disease only by their odour, and rose up immediately, recovered, and in full strength.

Maracci.

I suspect, says Maracci, that this is a true miracle wrought by some Christian saint, and falsely attributed to Ali. However this may be, it does not appear absurd that God should, by some especial favour, reward an act of remarkable charity even in an infidel, as he has sometimes, by a striking chastisement, punished enormous crimes. But the assertion, that the pomegranates were sent from paradise, exposes the fable.

Maracci, after detailing and ridiculing the Mahommedan miracles, contrasts with them, in an appendix, a few of the real and permanent miracles of Christianity, which are proved by the testimony of the whole world. He selects five as examples. 1. The chapel of Loretto, brought by angels from Nazareth to Illyricum, and from Illyricum to Italy; faithful messengers having been sent to both places, and finding in both its old foundations, in dimensions and materials exactly corresponding.

2. The cross of St Thomas at Meliapor. A Bramin, as the saint was extended upon his cross in prayer, slew him. On the anniversary of his martyrdom, during the celebration of mass, the cross gradually becomes luminous, till it shines one white glory. At elevating the host, it resumes its natural colour, and sweats blood profusely, in which the faithful dip their clothes, by which many miracles are wrought.

3. *Certissimum quia evidentissimum*—At Bari on the

Adriatic, a liquor flows from the bones of St Nicholas; they call it St Nicholas's manna, which, being preserved in bottles, never corrupts or breeds worms, except the possessor be corrupt himself, and daily it works miracles.

4. At Tolentino in the March of Ancona, the arms of St Nicholas swell with blood, and pour out copious streams, when any great calamity impends over Christendom.

5. The blood of St Januarius at Naples.

These, says Maracci, are *miracula perseverantia*, permanent miracles; and it cannot be said, as of the Mahommedan ones, that they are tricks of the devil.

From the birth-day of the world, &c.—P. 225.

The birth-day of the world was logically ascertained in a provincial council held at Jerusalem, against the Quartodecimans, by command of Pope Victor, about the year 200. Venerable Bede (*Comm. de Æquinoct. Vern.*) supplies the mode of proof. "When the multitude of priests were assembled together, then Theophylus, the bishop, produced the authority sent unto him by Pope Victor, and explained what had been enjoined him. Then all the bishops made answer, Unless it be first examined how the world was at the beginning, nothing salutary can be ordained respecting the observation of Easter. And they said, what day can we believe to have been the first, except Sunday? And Theophylus said, prove this which ye say. Then the bishop said, According to the authority of the scriptures, the evening and the morning were the first day; and, in like manner,

they were the second and the third, and the fourth and the fifth, and the sixth and the seventh; and on the seventh day, which was called the Sabbath, the Lord rested from all his works: therefore, since Saturday, which is the Sabbath, was the last day, which but Sunday can have been the first? Then said Theophylus, Lo, ye have proved that Sunday was the first day; what say ye now concerning the seasons—for there are four times or seasons in the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; which of these was the first? The bishops answered, Spring. And Theophylus said, Prove this which ye say. Then the bishops said, It is written, the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; but this is in the spring. Then said Theophylus, When do you believe the beginning of the world to have been, in the beginning of the season, or in the middle, or in the end? And the bishops answered, at the Equinox, on the eighth of the kalends of April. And Theophylus said, Prove this which ye say. Then they answered, It is written, God made the light, and called the light day, and he made the darkness, and called the darkness night, and he divided the light and the darkness into equal parts. Then said Theophylus, Lo, ye have proved the day and the season—What think ye now concerning the Moon; was it created when increasing, or when full, or on the wane? And the bishops answered, At the full. And he said, Prove this which ye say. Then they answered, God made two great luminaries, and placed them in the firmament of the Heavens, that they might give light upon the earth; the greater

luminary in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night. It could not have been thus unless the moon were at the full. Now, therefore, let us see when the world was created: it was made upon a Sunday, in the spring, at the Equinox, which is on the eighth of the kalends of April, and at the full of the moon."

According to the form of a Border-oath, the work of creation began by night. "You shall swear by Heaven above you, Hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, *by all that God made in six days and seven nights*, and by God himself, you are whart out sachless of art, part, way, witting, rédd, kenning, having or recetting of any of the goods and chattels named in this bill. So help you God." (*Nicolson and Burn*, l. xxv.) This, however, is assertion without proof, and would not have been admitted by Theophylus and his bishops.

That old and only Bird.—P. 226.

Simorg Anka, says my friend Mr Fox, in a note to his Ashmed Ardebeili, is a bird or griffon of extraordinary strength and size, (as its name imports, signifying as large as thirty eagles,) which, according to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Divs. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech. The *Ccherman Namch* relates, that Simorg Anka being asked his age, replied, this world is very ancient, for it has already been seven times replenished with beings different from man, and as often depopulated. That the age of Adam, in which we now are, is to endure seven thousand years, making a

great cycle; that himself had seen twelve of these revolutions, and knew not how many more he had to see.

I am afraid that Mr Fox and myself have fallen into a grievous heresy, both respecting the unity and the sex of the Simorg. For this great bird is a hen; there is indeed a cock also, but he seems to be of some inferior species, a sort of Prince George of Denmark, the Simorg's consort, not the cock Simorg.

In that portion of the *Shah-Nameh* which has been put into English rhyme by Mr Champion, some anecdotes may be found concerning this all-knowing bird, who is there represented as possessing one species of knowledge, of which she would not be readily suspected. Zalzer, the father of Rustam, is exposed in his infancy by his own father, Saum, who takes him for a young devilling, because his body is black, and his hair white. The infant is laid at the foot of Mount Elburs, where the Simorg has her nest, and she takes him up, and breeds him with her young, who are very desirous of eating him, but she preserves him. When Zalzer is grown up, and leaves the nest, the Simorg gives him one of her feathers, telling him, whenever he is in great distress, to burn it, and she will immediately come to his assistance. Zalzer marries Rodahver, who is likely to die in childing; he then burns the feather, and the Simorg appears and orders the Cæsarean operation to be performed. As these stories are not Ferdusi's invention, but the old traditions of the Persians, collected and arranged by him, this is, perhaps, the earliest fact concerning that operation which is to be met with, earlier probably than the fable of Semele. Zalzer was ordered first to give her wine, which acts as

a powerful opiate, and after sewing up the incision, to anoint it with a mixture of milk, musk, and grass, pounded together, and dried in the shade, and then to rub it with a Simorg's feather.

In Mr Fox's collection of Persic books, is an illuminated copy of Ferdusi, containing a picture of the Simorg, who is there represented as an ugly dragon-looking sort of bird. I should be loath to believe that she has so bad a physiognomy; and as, in the same volume, there are blue and yellow horses, there is good reason to conclude that this is not a genuine portrait.

When the Genius of the Lamp is ordered by Aladin to bring a roc's egg, and hang it up in the hall, he is violently enraged, and exclaims, Wretch, wouldst thou have me hang up my master! From the manner in which rocs are usually mentioned in the Arabian Tales, the reader feels as much surprised at this indignation as Aladin was himself. Perhaps the original may have Simorg instead of roc. To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether Shiah or Sunni, be the height of human impiety.

Since this note was written, the eighth volume of the Asiatic Researches has appeared, in which Captain Wilford identifies the roc with the Simorg. "Sinbad," he says, "was exposed to many dangers from the birds called Rocs or Simorgs, the Garudas of the Pauranics, whom Persian Romancers represent as living in Madagascar, according to Marco Polo." But the Roc of the Arabian Tales has none of the characteristics of the Simorg; and it is only in the instance which I have noticed, that any mistake of one for the other can be suspected.

The spring was clear, the water deep.—P. 236.

Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know, that the spring from which this description was taken, is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokes-Croft turnpike, and known by the name of the Boiling-Well. Other, and larger springs, of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire.

It ran a river deep and wide.—P. 240.

A similar picture occurs in Miss Baillie's Comedy, "The Second Marriage." "By Heaven, there is nothing so interesting to me as to trace the course of a prosperous man through this varied world. First, he is seen like a little stream, wearing its shallow bed through the grass, circling and winding, and gleaning up its treasures from every twinkling rill, as it passes; further on, the brown sand fences its margin, the dark rushes thicken on its side; further on still, the broad flags shake their green ranks, the willows bend their wide boughs o'er its course; and yonder, at last, the fair river appears, spreading his bright waves to the light."

The Twelfth Book.

Why should he that loves me, sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?
I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest.

SPENSER'S DAPHNAIDA.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THEN Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,
" Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope, O God!
" Behold and guard me now,
" Thou who alone canst save.
" If, from my childhood up, I have look'd on
" With exultation to my destiny;
" If, in the hour of anguish, I have felt
" The justice of the hand that chasten'd me;
" If, of all selfish passions purified,
" I go to work thy will, and from the world

" Root up the ill-doing race,
" Lord! let not thou the weakness of my arm
" Make vain the enterprize!"

The Sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablutions, and he stood
And gaz'd upon the little boat
Riding the billows near,
Where, like a sea-bird breasting the broad waves,
It rose and fell upon the surge:
Till, from the glitterance of the sunny main,
He turn'd his aching eyes,
And then upon the beach he laid him down,
And watch'd the rising tide.
He did not pray, he was not calm for prayer;
His spirit, troubled with tumultuous hope,
Toil'd with futurity;
His brain, with busier workings, felt
The roar and raving of the restless sea,
The boundless waves that rose and roll'd and rock'd;
The everlasting sound

Opprest him, and the heaving infinite,
He clos'd his lids for rest.

Meantime, with fuller reach, and stronger swell,
Wave after wave advanced;
Each following billow lifted the last foam
That trembled on the sand with rainbow hues;
The living flower, that, rooted to the rock,
Late from the thinner element,
Shrunk down within its purple stem to sleep,
Now feels the water, and again
Awakening, blossoms out
All its green anther-necks.

Was there a Spirit in the gale
That fluttered o'er his cheek?
For it came on him like the gentle sun
Which plays and dallies o'er the night-clos'd flower,
And woos it to unfold anew to joy;
For it came on him as the dews of eve
Descend with healing and with life
Upon the summer mead;

Or liker the first sound of seraph song
And Angel hail, to him
Whose latest sense had shuddered at the groan
Of anguish, kneeling by his death-bed side.

He starts, and gazes round to seek
The certain presence. "Thalaba!" exclaim'd
The Voice of the Unseen;..
"Father of my Oneiza!" he replied,
"And have thy years been numbered? art thou too
"Among the Angels?"..."Thalaba!"
A second and a dearer voice repeats,
"Go in the favour of the Lord,
"My Thalaba, go on!
"My husband, I have drest our bower of bliss.
"Go, and perform the work,
"Let me not longer suffer hope in Heaven!"

He turn'd an eager glance toward the sea,
"Come!" quoth the Damsel, and she drove
Her little boat to land.
Impatient through the rising wave,
He rush'd to meet its way.

His eye was bright, his cheek was flush'd with joy.
" Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers?" she cried, . .
" Yea," answer'd Thalaba,
" A heavenly visitation." " God be prais'd!"
She uttered, " then I do not hope in vain!"
And her voice trembled, and her lips
Quivered, and tears ran down. . . . .
" Stranger," quoth she, " in years long past
" Was one who vow'd himself
" The Champion of the Lord, like thee,
" Against the race of Hell.
" Young was he, as thyself,
" Gentle, and yet so brave!
" A lion-hearted man.
" Shame on me, Stranger! in the arms of love
" I held him from his calling, till the hour
" Was past; and then the Angel who should else
" Have crown'd him with his glory-wreath,
" Smote him in anger . . . Years and years are gone . .
" And in his place of penance he awaits
" Thee, the Deliverer, . . . surely thou art he!
" It was my righteous punishment,
" In the same youth unchanged,

" And love unchangeable,
" And grief for ever fresh,
" And bitter penitence,
" That gives no respite night nor day to woe,
" To abide the written hour, when I should waft
" The doom'd Destroyer and Deliverer here.
" Remember thou, that thy success involves
" No single fate, no common misery."

As thus she spake, the entrance of the cave
Darken'd the boat below.
Around them, from their nests,
The screaming sea-birds fled,
Wondering at that strange shape,
Yet, unalarm'd at sight of living man,
Unknowing of his sway and power misus'd:
The clamours of their young
Echoed in shriller yells,
Which rung in wild discordance round the rock.
And farther, as they now advanced,
The dim reflection of the darken'd day
Grew fainter, and the dash
Of the out-breakers deaden'd; farther yet,

And yet more faint the gleam,
And there the waters, at their utmost bound,
Silently rippled on the rising rock.
They landed and advanced, and deeper in,
Two adamantine doors
Clos'd up the cavern pass.

Reclining on the rock beside,
Sate a grey-headed man,
Watching an hour-glass by.
To him the Damsel spake,
" Is it the hour appointed?" The old man
Nor answered her awhile,
Nor lifted he his downward eye,
For now the glass ran low,
And like the days of age,
With speed perceivable,
The latter sands descend;
And now the last are gone.
Then he look'd up, and rais'd his arm, and smote
The adamantine gates.

The gates of adamant

Unfolding at the stroke,
Open'd and gave the entrance. Then she turn'd
To Thalaba and said,
"Go, in the name of God!
"I cannot enter, .. I must wait the end
"In hope and agony.
"God and Mahommed prosper thee,
"For thy sake and for ours!"

He tarried not, .. he past
The threshold, over which was no return.
All earthly thoughts, all human hopes
And passions now put off,
He cast no backward glance
Towards the gleam of day.
There was a light within,
A yellow light, as when the autumnal Sun,
Through travelling rain and mist
Shines on the evening hills.
Whether, from central fires effus'd,
Or if the sunbeams, day by day,
From earliest generations, there absorb'd,
Were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade was none

In those portentous vaults;
Crag overhanging, nor columnal rock
Cast its dark outline there;
For, with the hot and heavy atmosphere,
The light incorporate, permeating all,
Spread over all its equal yellowness.
There was no motion in the lifeless air,
He felt no stirring as he past
Adown the long descent,
He heard not his own footsteps on the rock
That through the thick stagnation sent no sound.
How sweet it were, he thought,
To feel the flowing wind!
With what a thirst of joy
He should breathe in the open gales of heaven!

Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The long, long, way is safe.
Is there no secret wile,
No lurking enemy?
His watchful eye is on the wall of rock,
And warily he marks the roof,

And warily survey'd
The path that lay before.
Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The long, long, way is safe;
Rock only, the same light,
The same dead atmosphere,
And solitude, and silence like the grave.

At length, the long descent
Ends on a precipice;
No feeble ray entered its dreadful gulph,
For, in the pit profound,
Black Darkness, utter Night,
Repell'd the hostile gleam,
And, o'er the surface, the light atmosphere
Floated, and mingled not.
Above the depth, four over-awning wings,
Unplum'd, and huge and strong,
Bore up a little car;
Four living pinions, headless, bodyless,
Sprung from one stem that branch'd below
In four down-arching limbs,

And clench'd the car-rings endlong and athwart
With claws of griffin grasp.

But not on these, the depths so terrible,
The wonderous wings, fix'd Thalaba his eye;
For there, upon the brink,
With fiery fetters fasten'd to the rock,
A man, a living man, tormented lay,
The young Othatha; in the arms of love,
He who had lingered out the auspicious hour,
Forgetful of his call.
In shuddering pity, Thalaba exclaim'd,
" Servant of God, can I not succour thee?"
He groan'd, and answered, " Son of Man,
" I sinn'd, and am tormented; I endure
" In patience and in hope.
" The hour that shall destroy the Race of Hell,
" That hour shall set me free."

" Is it not come?" quoth Thalaba,
" Yea! by this omen!" .. and with fearless hand
He grasp'd the burning fetters, " in the name
" Of God!" .. and from the rock

Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulph
Hurl'd them. The rush of flames roar'd up,
For they had kindled in their fall
The deadly vapours of the pit profound,
And Thalaba bent on, and look'd below.
But vainly he explor'd
The deep abyss of flame,
That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal eye,
Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires
Illum'd the world beneath.
Soon was the poison-fuel spent,
The flame grew pale and dim,
And dimmer now it fades, and now is quench'd,
And all again is dark,
Save where the yellow air
Enters a little in, and mingles slow.

Meantime, the freed Othatha claspt his knees,
And cried, "Deliverer!" struggling then
With joyful hope, "and where is she," he cried,
"Whose promis'd coming for so many a year.:."
"Go!" answered Thalaba,
"She waits thee at the gates."

" And in thy triumph," he replied,
" There thou wilt join us?" .. The Deliverer's eye
Glanced on the abyss, way else was none ..
The depth was unascendable.
" Await not me," he cried,
" My path hath been appointed! go .. embark!
" Return to life, .. live happy!"

OTHATHA.

But thy name, ..
That through the nations we may blazon it, ..
That we may bless thee!

THALABA.

Bless the Merciful!

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of God,
And leapt into the car.
Down, down, it sunk, .. down, down ..
He neither breathes nor sees;
His eyes are clos'd for giddiness,
His breath is sinking with the fall.
The air that yields beneath the car,
Inflates the wings above.
Down .. down .. a mighty depth! ...

Was then the Simorgh, with the Powers of ill,
Associate to destroy?
And was that lovely Mariner
A fiend as false as fair?
For still he sinks down .. down ...
But ever the uprushing wind
Inflates the wings above,
And still the struggling wings
Repel the rushing wind.
Down .. down .. and now it strikes.

He stands and totters giddily,
All objects round, awhile,
Float dizzy on his sight;
Collected soon, he gazes for the way.
There was a distant light that led his search;
The torch a broader blaze,
The unprun'd taper flares a longer flame,
But this was fierce, as is the noon-tide sun,
So, in the glory of its rays intense,
It quivered with green glow.
Beyond was all unseen,
No eye could penetrate

That unendurable excess of light.
It veil'd no friendly form, thought Thalaba,
And wisely did he deem;
For, at the threshold of the rocky door,
Hugest and fiercest of his kind accurst,
Fit warden of the sorcery gate,
A rebel Afreet lay.
He scented the approach of human food,
And hungry hope kindled his eye of fire.
Raising his hand to save the dazzled sense,
Onward held Thalaba,
And lifted still at times a rapid glance;
Till, the due distance gain'd,
With head abas'd, he laid
The arrow in its rest.
With steady effort, and knit forehead then,
Full on the painful light,
He fix'd his aching eye, and loos'd the bow.

•

An anguish-yell ensued;
And sure, no human voice had scope or power,
For that prodigious shriek,
Whose pealing echoes thundered up the rock.

Dim grew the dying light,
But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors
Now visible beyond,
And while the Afreet warden of the way
Was writhing with his death-pangs, over him
Sprung and smote the stony doors,
And bade them, in the name of God, give way!

The dying Fiend, beneath him, at that name
Tost in worse agony,
And the rocks shuddered, and the rocky doors
Rent at the voice asunder. Lo! within . .
The Teraph and the Fire,
And Khawla, and in mail complete
Mohareb for the strife.
But Thalaba, with numbing force,
Smites his rais'd arm, and rushes by;
For now he sees the fire, amid whose flames,
On the white ashes of Hodeirah, lies
Hodeirah's holy Sword.

He rushes to the fire;
Then Khawla met the youth,

And leapt upon him, and, with clinging arms,
Clasps him, and calls Mohareb now to aim
The effectual vengeance. O fool! fool! he sees
His Father's Sword, and who shall bar his way?
Who stand against the fury of that arm
That spurns her to the earth? . .
She rises half, she twists around his knees, . .
A moment .. and he vainly strives
To shake her from her hold;
Impatient, then into her cursed breast
He stamps his crushing heel,
And from her body, heaving now in death,
Springs forward to the Sword.

The co-existent Flame
Knew the Destroyer; it encircled him,
Roll'd up his robe, and gathered round his head,
Condensing to intenser splendour there,
His Crown of Glory, and his Light of Life,
Hovered the irradiate wreath.
The moment Thalaba had laid his hand
Upon his Father's Sword,
The Living Image in the inner cave

Smote the Round Altar. The Domdaniel rock'd
Through all its thundering vaults;
Over the surface of the reeling Earth,
The alarum shock was felt;
The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er dispers'd,
Perforce obey'd the summons; all, .. they came
Compell'd by Hell and Heaven;
By Hell compell'd to keep
Their baptism-covenant,
And, with the union of their strength,
Oppose the common danger; forced by Heaven
To share the common doom.

Vain are all spells! the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor!
They crowd with human arms, and human force,
To crush the single foe;
Vain is all human force!
He wields his Father's Sword,
The vengeance of awaken'd Deity!
But chief on Thalaba, Mohareb prest.
The language of the inspired Witch
Announced one fatal blow for both,

And, desperate of self-safety, yet he hop'd
To serve the cause of Eblis, and uphold
His empire, true in death.

Who shall withstand the Destroyer?
Scattered before the sword of Thalaba
The sorcerer throng recede,
And leave him space for combat. Wretched man,
What shall the helmet or the shield avail
Against Almighty anger! .. wretched man,
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath chosen
The evil part! .. He rears his shield
To meet the Arabian's sword, ..
Under the edge of that fire-harden'd steel,
The shield falls severed; his cold arm
Rings with the jarring blow: ..
He lifts his scymetar,
A second stroke, and lo! the broken hilt
Hangs from his palsied hand!
And now he bleeds! and now he flies!
And fain would hide himself amid the throng,
But they feel the sword of Hodeirah,
But they also fly from the ruin!

And hasten to the inner cave,
And fall all fearfully
Around the Giant Idol's feet,
Seeking salvation from the Power they serv'd.

It was a Living Image, by the art
Of magic hands, of flesh and bones compos'd,
And human blood, through veins and arteries
That flow'd with vital action. In the shape
Of Eblis it was made;
Its stature such, and such its strength,
As when among the Sons of God
Pre-eminent, he rais'd his radiant head,
Prince of the Morning. On his brow
A coronet of meteor flames,
Flowing in points of light.
Self-pois'd in air before him,
Hung the Round Altar, rolling like the World
On its diurnal axis; like the World
Chequer'd with sea and shore,
The work of Demon art.
For where the sceptre in the Idol's hand

Touch'd the Round Altar, in its answering realm,
Earth felt the stroke, and Ocean rose in storms,
And ruining Cities, shaken from their seat,
Crush'd all their habitants.
His other arm was rais'd, and its spread palm
Up-bore the ocean-weight,
Whose naked waters arch'd the sanctuary,
Sole prop and pillar he.

Fallen on the ground, around his feet,
The Sorcerers lay. Mohareb's quivering arms
Clung to the Idol's knees;
The Idol's face was pale,
And calm in terror he beheld
The approach of the Destroyer.

Sure of his stroke, and therefore in pursuit
Following, nor blind, nor hasty, on his foe,
Mov'd the Destroyer. Okba met his way,
Of all that brotherhood
He only fearless, miserable man,
The one that had no hope.
"On me, on me," the childless Sorcerer cried,

" Let fall the weapon! I am he who stole
" Upon the midnight of thy Father's tent;
" This is the hand that pierced Hodeirah's heart,
" That felt thy brethren's and thy sister's blood
" Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall on me
" The fated sword! the vengeance-hour is come!
" Destroyer, do thy work!"

Nor wile, nor weapon, had the desperate wretch,
He spread his bosom to the stroke.
" Old man, I strike thee not!" said Thalaba;
" The evil thou hast done to me and mine
" Brought its own bitter punishment.
" For thy dear Daughter's sake, I pardon thee,
" As I do hope Heaven's pardon ... For her sake
" Repent while time is yet!.. thou hast my prayers
" To aid thee; thou poor sinner, cast thyself
" Upon the goodness of offended God!
" I speak in Laila's name; and what if now
" Thou canst not think to join in Paradise
" Her spotless Spirit, .. hath not Allah made
" Al-Araf in his wisdom? where the sight
" Of Heaven shall kindle in the penitent

" The strong and purifying fire of hope,
" Till, at the day of judgment, he shall see
" The Mercy-Gates unfold."

The astonish'd man stood gazing as he spake,
At length his heart was soften'd, and the tears
Gush'd, and he sobb'd aloud.
Then suddenly was heard
The all-beholding Prophet's divine voice,
" Thou hast done well, my Servant!
" Ask and receive thy reward!"

A deep and aweful joy
Seem'd to distend the heart of Thalaba;
With arms in reverence crost upon his breast,
Upseeking eyes suffus'd with transport-tears,
He answered to the Voice, " Prophet of God,
" Holy, and good, and bountiful!
" One only earthly wish have I, to work
" Thy will, and thy protection grants me that.
" Look on this Sorcerer! heavy are his crimes,
" But infinite is mercy! if thy servant
" Have now found favour in the sight of God,

" Let him be touch'd with penitence, and save
" His soul from utter death."

" The groans of penitence," replied the Voice,
" Never arise unheard!
" But, for thyself, prefer the prayer;
" The Treasure-house of Heaven
" Is open to thy will."

" Prophet of God!" then answered Thalaba,
" I am alone on earth.
" Thou knowest the secret wishes of my heart!
" Do with me as thou wilt! thy will is best."

There issued forth no Voice to answer him;
But lo! Hodeirah's Spirit comes to see
His vengeance, and beside him, a pure form
Of roseate light, the Angel mother hangs.
" My Child, my dear, my glorious.. blessed.. Child,
" My promise is perform'd .. fulfil thy work!"

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come,
And on he leapt, and springing up,

Into the Idol's heart,
Hilt-deep he drove the Sword.
The Ocean-Vault fell in, and all were crush'd.
In the same moment, at the gate
Of Paradise, Oneiza's Houri form
Welcom'd her Husband to eternal bliss.

NOTES TO BOOK XII.

A rebel Afreet lay.—P. 271.

One of these evil Genii is thus described in the Bahar Danush: On his entrance, he beheld a black demon heaped on the ground like a mountain, with two large horns upon his head, and a long proboscis, fast asleep. In his head the Divine Creator had joined the likenesses of the elephant and the wild bull. His teeth grew out as the tusks of a boar, and all over his monstrous carcase hung shaggy hairs, like those of the bear. The eye of mortal-born was dimmed at his appearance, and the mind, at his horrible form, and frightful figure, was confounded.

He was an Afreet, created from mouth to foot by the wrath of God.

His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a boar's. No one ever beheld such a monster.

Crook-backed, and crabbed-faced; he might be scented at the distance of a thousand fersungs.

His nostrils were like the ovens of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the vat of a dyer.

When his breath came forth, from its vehemence the dust rose up as in a whirlwind, so as to leave a chasm in the earth; and when he drew it in, chaff, sand, and pebbles, from the distance of some yards, were attracted to his nostrils.—*Bahar Danush.*

Al-Araf in his wisdom? &c —P. 278.

Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mahommedans; some deem it a veil of separation, some a strong wall. Others hold it to be a Purgatory, in which those believers will remain, whose good and evil works have been so equal, that they were neither virtuous enough to enter Paradise, nor guilty enough to be condemned to the fire of Hell. From thence they see the glory of the blessed, and are near enough to congratulate them; but their ardent desire to partake the same happiness, becomes a great pain. At length, at the day of judgment, when all men before they are judged, shall be cited to render homage to their Creator, those who are here confined, shall prostrate themselves before the face of the Lord, in adoration; and by this act of religion, which shall be accounted a merit, the number of

their good works will exceed their evil ones, and they will enter into glory.

Saadi says, that Araf appears a Hell to the happy, and a Paradise to the damned.—*D'Herbelot.*

THE END.

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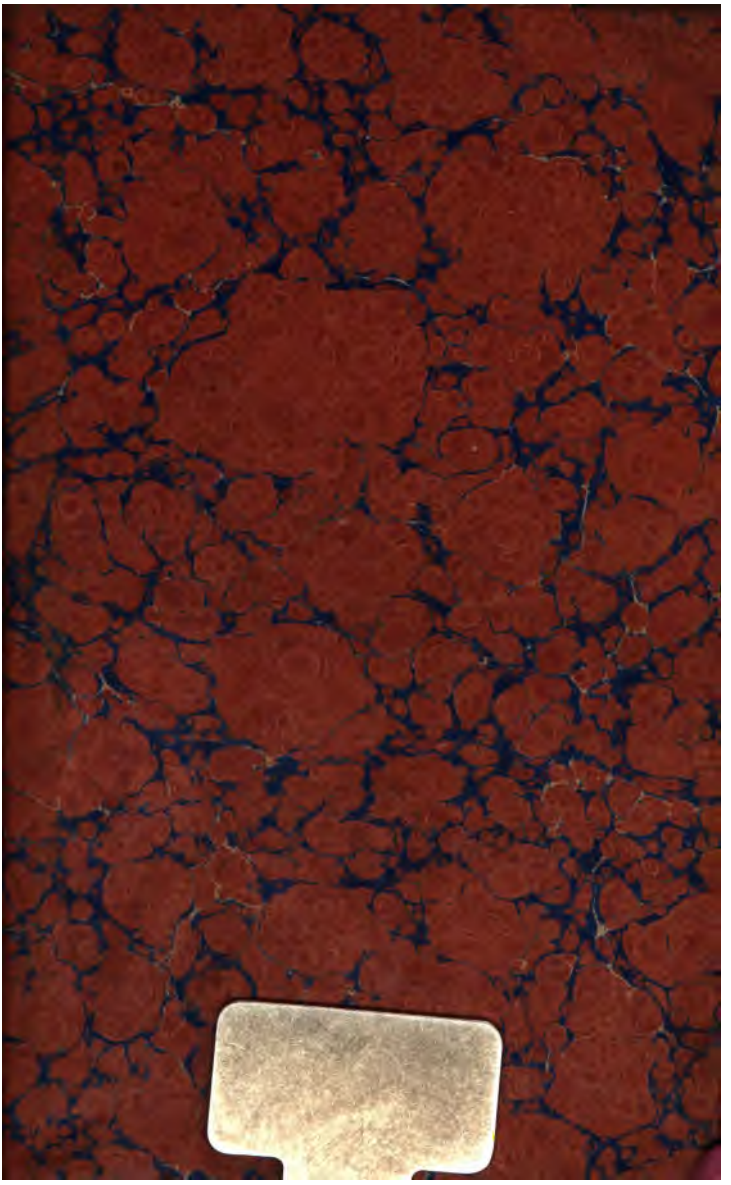
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